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JANUARY 15

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VOGUE

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I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

JANUARY 15, 1960



PENN

COVER

Wardrobe-lifter now: a beige wool suit with more lift in the magnified Roman-striped silk stole. The stripes extend, one layer in, to a camisole blouse. Suit of Ducharne wool, stole and blouse of Staron silk; beige straw hat; both by Christian-Dior-New York. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Gloves by Superb. Make-up lift for beige: Meteor Red lipstick, Nile Green eye shadow. Both by Germaine Monteil.

FASHIONS

39 Vogue's eye view: all a question of where you sit
40 If you were going to buy one new thing . . . twelve quick pick-ups for your clothes-life
56 In the suit climate—new jacket readings
60 Fashion naturals U.S.A.
72 Fifth in Vogue's series on fashion personalities: the clothes-life of Mrs. Leonard Bernstein
77 Sixteen new looks for a season in the sun
90 New constitution for pinweight clothes
92 Vogue Patterns: suit looks—an edge on colour
94 Night talk—in satin; in shirt sleeves
98 Wedding history rewritten in terms of 1960 dresses
100 New wools in town by day
102 Paris young looks—American translations

FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

36 "I Was a Fool." By Sylvia Thompson
54 "Fiorello!"
55 People Are Talking About . . .
66 Nancy, Lady Astor, sketched by René Bouché
67 Nancy, Lady Astor seen through the eyes of her son, Michael Astor
68 Three of the sons of Lady Astor
96 "The Best of the Best": Quick Tastes of the New Books
104 Gossipy Memo on Travel

FASHIONS IN LIVING

105 Anthony Hail studio
107 Studio that climbs a San Francisco hill: one room, three levels
110 Living-room luncheons: Mrs. Tuckerman Draper's plan

BEAUTY

50 The next way to wear your hair
76 Sea-deep in beauty

DEPARTMENTS

24 Shop Hound
26 Vogue's School and Camp Directory

Vol. 135, No. 2
Whole No. 2032



we like the reversible coat...indispensable to the jet age traveller in anglo's two-faced beige wool tweed...from our manor-bourne collection designed by frechtel exclusively for I. MAGNIN & CO.

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Photographed in Buenos Aires by Jane Arnold



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The Nina Ricci **IMPERIAL** originals are shown opposite and on the four following pages. The photos were made at the huge new Imperial factory in Detroit during actual working hours . . . which accounts for the somewhat dismembered (though quite exciting) look of some of the cars you'll see.

The hope, of course, is that you will note a pleasant analogy between the clean, un-fussy lines of Crahay's work and the understated elegance of the Imperial design. Note, too, that he apparently found Imperial's colors compatible with his own choices.

The **IMPERIAL COLLECTION** is now available in this country. With the expert counsel of **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**, line-for-line copies of each of the six models have been created.

And to add the final touch of authenticity to this first presentation of the **IMPERIAL COLLECTION**, we asked **ELIZABETH ARDEN** to supervise the make-up of each of the models who appear on the following pages. Miss Arden also contributed "Pure Red," a beautiful Imperial red lipstick color, and her Imperial Travel Case, a concise (and generously stocked) kit of Miss Arden's beauty-makers . . . trim enough, and certainly elegant enough, to slip into the glove box of your Imperial.

The Imperial Collection is now being featured by **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE** *in New York; White Plains; Springfield, New Jersey; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; Detroit; Miami Beach; Palm Beach; Chicago; Skokie, Illinois; St. Louis; Beverly Hills; Palm Springs and San Francisco . . . and by* **GARFINCKEL'S** *in Washington, D.C. and* **NEIMAN-MARCUS** *in Dallas and Houston.*

Beige-moving-into-brown ombre silk, with a jacket over its box-pleated skirt. And a soft, swoop-brimmed straw hat. Golden beige silk check, its curved body line covered with a self-lined coat. Deep-dish hat is straw.

Elizabeth Arden completes the beige look with Invisible Veil Powder in Neutral over Veiled Radiance in Rachel.

When the models have moved, the bronze Imperial body will be lowered onto its chassis. This is the "body drop," where all the carefully made Imperial parts begin to emerge as a total car.

RAWLINGS





THE IMPERIAL COLLECTION
See it at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores, at Neiman-Marcus and Garfinckel's.

Glossy black with white interior: Luxe peau de soie costume that gives you almost as many changes as there are Imperial interiors. For your Imperial you can choose from half a dozen leathers (including white), soft broadcloths, handsome ribbed or textured fabrics . . . and your own combinations of them, in tones studiously keyed to what you'll be wearing. In fact, your Imperial dealer has a great handsome book which has samples of the actual materials you can select. And Imperial interiors are, of course, tailored with the careful precision of a Ricci original.





Above: The posh dot-embroidered sash gives way to a trim, shaped patent belt for black-with-pearls affairs and reflecting the color on her lips, the new bejeweled Rolling Mirror Lipstick by Elizabeth Arden. *Below:* Belt and jacket come off to reveal the strapless bodice for evening. The car is a regal red Imperial Crown lined with white leather.



Above: Free-wheeling wool flannel, flashing by in a spin of pleats, is a match for the gray broadcloth Imperial uses. Silk sash, lining and piping are red and white polka dots. The red car body has just come from the drying ovens after a series of sprayings and coatings that give Imperial the richest luster any car ever had. *Below:* Sleek-bodied navy wool, blown back to a gentle blouson with a strip of half-dollar-size white pearl buttons from neck to hem. Matching scarf over bare shoulders. That's Elizabeth Arden's Imperial Travel Case she's looking into. And the bumper-to-bumper Imperials are waiting for interiors to match their colors.







THE IMPERIAL COLLECTION
See it at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores, at Neiman-Marcus and Garfinckel's.

For complete list of stores, turn to page 115

Imperial Red in silk chiffon. A caped evening convertible to match that daring interior at the left. When the top comes down, the little red hood goes up, to cover her coiffure. Standard equipment, a polka-dotted sash and petticoat ruffle that shows when she steps out . . . and Elizabeth Arden's "Pure Red," a lovely Imperial red lipstick. Lined up clear to the far door, Imperials open for inspection. They've already been tested and inspected six hundred times . . . and won't be ready for Miss Riding Hood until each has been road-tested by an expert fault-finder.



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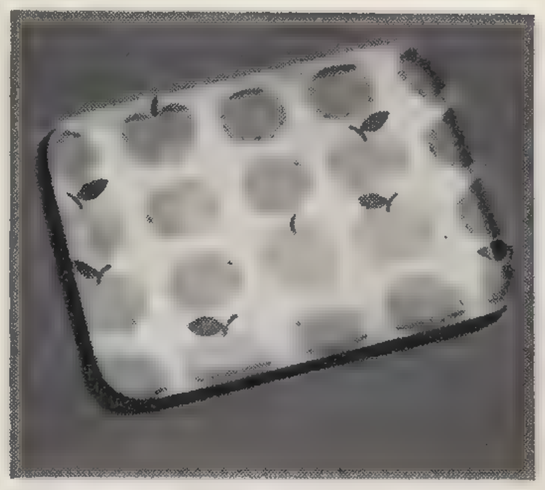
Spectacles department:
reading from the bottom up:
amber plastic demi-frames, $12.50;
fake tortoise shell (plastic), $20;
real tortoise shell, $35;
brown plastic, $20. All from
E. B. Meyrowitz, 520 Fifth Ave.,
New York 36. N. Y.



To wear with slacks or with a long at-home robe:
suède mules, made in Italy.
Colour-choice of black (left), olive-green, or garnet-red.
Sizes 5 to 9½, medium, narrow.
$30. Fiorentina,
789 Madison Ave., New York 21.



Foreign intrigue, small scale:
English-style trench coat of Dan River cotton twill fabric, Zelan-processed. Rayon lining, leather buttons and sou'wester. Sizes 3 to 6x for boys or girls. $14.95 ppd. Lullabye Shop, Worth Ave., Palm Beach, Fla.



Bright pink and orange apples on a cream ground: this tray from Sweden, of fabric laminated between plastic and wood, is proof against alcohol stains. Also in green and yellow combination. 11″ x 14″, $5.50; 13″ x 16¾″, $7.50.
Stuart's, 1053 Third Ave., N. Y. 21.

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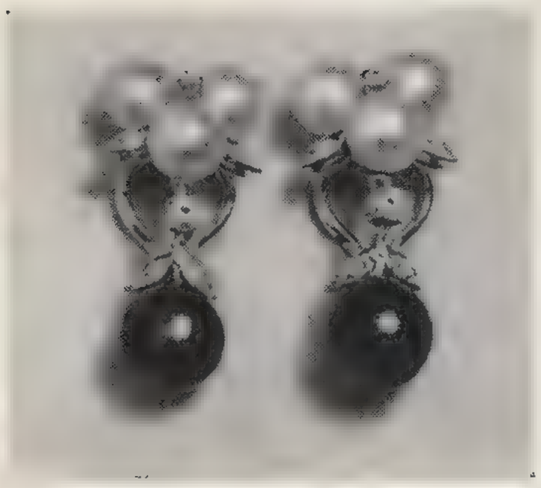


To make cold weather a warm occasion . . . boots of tobacco brown suède with warm fleece linings, ribbed rubber soles. Sizes N 7-10, M 5½-10. $13.50, ppd.
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HOUND

...January sweep-up





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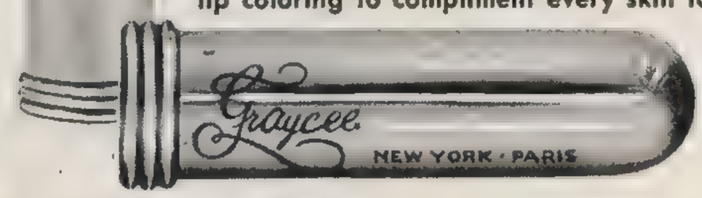
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New off-the-beach dressing—beachier



Quick look at the new sun-country dressing (more looks, pages 77 to 89). Dotty yellow silk with a sway of skirt, to wear—afternoons, little don't-dress evenings—as off-handedly as a sun dress: ivory bangles, strippy white sandals, lots of sun tan showing. Dress, by Lloyd Weill, of yellow-and-white coin-dotted silk twill; about $55. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus.



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Where did you go? **Hawaii**

One must for lucky travellers—Arnel sharkskin. Easy-care Arnel triacetate keeps sharkskin bright white, permanently pleated, easily washed and quickly pressed. Johnston of Dallas separates in Arnel sharkskin by Fabrex. Upper Left: Butterfly top, about $7. Jamaica shorts, about $4. Upper Right: Sampan top, about $4. Permanently pleated skirt, about $8. Above:

What did you wear? **Arnel**

Over-blouse, about $5. Cruise pants, about $5. White and turquoise. All in sizes 3-6X. Sizes 7-12 priced slightly higher. At Bonwit Teller, N. Y.; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash.; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Seidenbacks, Tulsa; Bon Marche, Seattle. Celanese Fibers Company, a division of Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16, N. Y.

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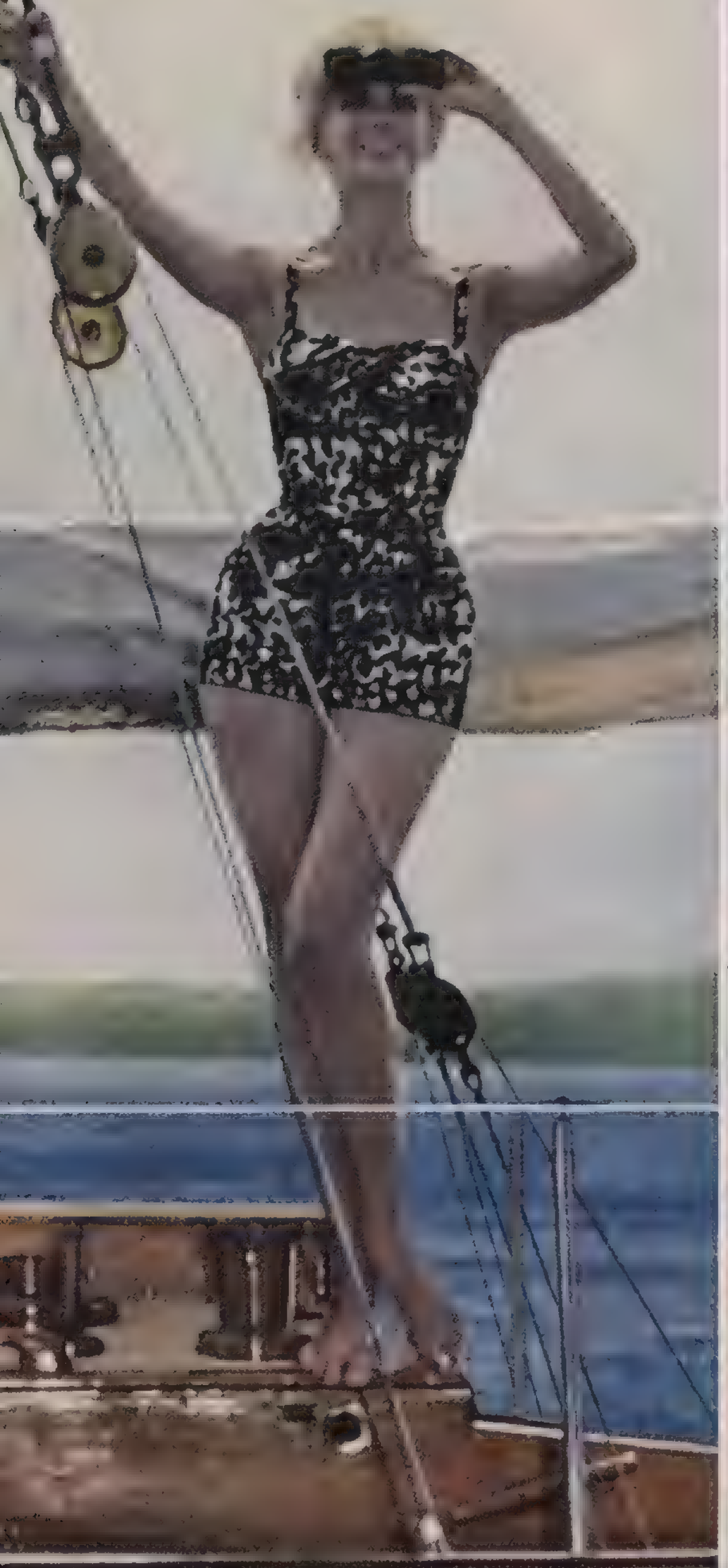
1 Want to be seen in the very same swimsuit all day long? Not on your life! You need one to wear, one to dry, one to spare. One for the morning sun. A beautiful start to the day. But one Catalina won't do.

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I was a fool

Although Proust and I sat for our portraits by Jacques Émile Blanche, I refused mine

BY SYLVIA THOMPSON

At Marthe Bibesco's the Seine rippled reflections on the ceiling. White flowers in white troughs; and conversation played like cat's cradle.

A small man came across the room; tall, air-bright, windows behind him. "*Monsieur Blanche . . . Madame Sylvia Thompson.*"

He sat on the sofa beside me, and began at once speaking to me of people; of my London and Paris family; of my husband's family. And did I know Mrs. Saxton-Noble? He asks to paint my portrait. He would like to paint me in the hat I am wearing. A white "Russian" hat of that spring. That extraordinary spring in the early 'thirties when March was like May, and one was out of doors in the Champs-Élysées, drinking Pernods and talking agreeable nonsense in the rosy dusk of the *heure divine*. Blanche writes down my address: not far, it seems, from his own house.

His father, *le Docteur Blanche*, had been a well-known alienist. His patients boarded with him in a brick mansion, the red of smoked reindeer-tongue, in the Passy of *Peter Ibbetson*. The house resembled many ugly English houses of its period; brick, ivy, plate-glass sash windows with their pompous, melancholy stare. It had a patina of sadness, left perhaps by the patients of *Docteur Blanche*, Maupassant among them, pacing the jaundiced gravel walks, or padding the sombre grass, past shrubs hacked out of linoleum.

I found the *rue du Docteur Blanche* as directed, and discovered the door in the high wall. I tugged the iron bellpull; a rusty bell jittered and creaked inside. After a long minute steps came, a bolt rattled, and the door was opened by a woman whose face, carved by toil and imprinted with suspicion, seemed still to testify to the spirit of the 1789 Revolution. Having admitted me with the amiability of a paper cap on a skeleton, she preceded me across the grass toward the house.

Blanche himself came to meet me, welcoming, and taking notes of my face from behind his thick glasses. But hadn't my hat, at the Princess Bibesco's, been *red?*, he asked. . . .

I assured him it was the same hat. He escorted me indoors through a room which in spacious ugliness accorded with the outside of the house. He indicated earlier portraits on the walls; George Moore, Proust, Robert de Montesquiou, a dozen more. The Yellow Book interleaved with paragraphs from Debrett; the *beau monde*, the *demi-monde* . . . a portrait of an English gentleman, all beefsteak and Orders and shrewdness varnished to look like stupidity; *femmes du monde*—such as Boldini's brush caressed, in their satin sheaths, bosoms clouded with tulle, necks noosed in black velvet riband or throttled in pearls, or Sargent merely romanticized—one saw here presented by Blanche with the technique sucked by Ingres and weaned on Impressionism.

He took me up a wooden staircase to his studio. A long room, light-filled; not melancholy like the rest of the house. Perhaps it had been built on after his father's death, so that no crazed mind revisited there. Chair, model throne, easel, canvas were ready. He installed me in the inevitable north light. His thick glasses, his buzzing meticulous manner of settling to work, his intent, small figure evoked an insect conditioned to its task.

An insect with extraordinary antennae, and a remarkable secretion of gossip, the beam of its wonderfully percipient eye crossed by a steady Latin glare for the main chance. The mandibles worked adroitly and rapidly, the swift glances secreted impressions, while his winged words whirred softly and steadily with rainbow tints of description. Occasionally a sting darted a drop of bright malice.

Did I realize who that woman was in the portrait over there? A young woman, with the tawny mark of Poiret on her, and a gold bandeau low on her forehead parallel to aquamarine eyes. Blanche narrated the amorous ingenuities of the same woman whom, by now fifty, one constantly met uniformed by Schiaparelli.

Was I, by the way, still married? he asked. . . . And had my husband the good looks of his remarkable American cousin, Mrs. ———? to whom Sargent hadn't done justice. . . . And did I, by the way, know Mrs. Saxton-Noble? This London topic led him back, and back again, to his first London—his childhood London of the '70's with its residential Sloane Street, its coal fires and gas-lamps and cabbies and hansoms. He describes these in his autobiographical *Aymeris* that he presented to me at the next sitting.

And how well Blanche wrote. How he evokes, in the early chapters, the massive front doors, opened in refuge to "L'Enfant Unique." (*L'enfant unique*—his small brother had died.) Refuge, in the same 1870 autumn, to my four- and five-year-old aunts, who were to remember the Franco-Prussian war in terms of their mother and her maid taking off bustles to park them in the rack

(Continued)

of the Paris-Dieppe train.

How curious, incidentally, to realize that so few years before, in these same London streets, the small William and Henry James had been cock-a-snooked at by street urchins for their brass-buttoned queer clothes, that Thackeray had, more politely, commented on; the London that young secretary Henry Adams visited in '61 and found that "the month of December in . . . Portland Place, would have gorged a glutton of gloom. . . ." Although he also comments, "A certain style dignified its grime; heavy, clumsy, arrogant, purse-proud, but not cheap; . . . the 18th century held its own. History muttered down Fleet Street and . . . in Piccadilly there were yellow chariots with coachmen in wigs."

After an interval, for me to rest, and see how the portrait had begun (a hat, a face, and pearls ghostly on a dark ground), Blanche's talk came back to the 1930's. Had I known D. H. Lawrence, he asked? Or Mabel Dodge? "This extraordinary woman" who'd sent him her diaries to read. These were full, he said, of savoury passages of confession. . . . She'd married Tony Luhan, the Red Indian, and entertained the Lawrences in New Mexico.

He stopped painting to fetch her type script. He read me paragraphs that had excited or pleased him. Mabel Dodge had written from Florence. Did I know Florence? Whom did I know there? My friendship with Bernard Berenson was then a year unborn. I still knew only the Florence of a *jeune-fille* visit, taken there to sight-see, and constantly protected from walking alone in its streets. Or the Florence of the *Lys Rouge*.

Painting steadily, he questioned me, with the literary avidity of *précisez toujours*, about my existence, my tastes, my work, my family, my acquaintance. And how much money, he asked, did my novels make in America? I didn't know; money had always seemed to me as uninteresting and unpredictable as weather.

He invited me to bring my husband. When he came, Blanche said, "Yes, he is wonderfully good-looking!"

My husband sat down to watch Blanche working. Like most portrait painters he asked for "criticism." How is it? Is it like? Always expecting praise.

Next time Blanche asked me if my husband "sold his pictures?" I said that he was still studying. "He is very young," he commented. He was right. Youth, a malady most incident to, and often chronic in, the privileged English, was our condition when we moved, at thirty, from our English life into a French one.

After the sittings I used to come out of the door in the high wall into that March-April summer. Already the lilac was in bloom in the little walled gardens. I used to wonder who lived in those secret little houses with their long shutters and discreet manners. The whole quarter seemed so remote in time and distance from the glitter and taxi-bleats of the centre of Paris. Even the bustling *rue de Passy*, that I went down on my way home, was like the main street of a small provincial town, and its market, that our Marguerite went to every day with her *sac à provisions*, seemed fifty miles from the Concorde.

When the portrait was done, Blanche asked to do another. He liked a grey coat and *crême-brûlée* scarf I had that suited his palette. One or both of these were to go into an exhibition at the *Jeu de Paume*.

He did the second portrait. But I didn't see either hung. Caprice, or some wave of emotion, must have taken me to England, or Venice, or New York together with my two children and their Swiss nurse, and an autographed copy of *Aymeris*. A friend wrote from Paris that she'd been to see Blanche's portrait of my "lovely gloves."

A year or so later I visited Blanche and Madame Blanche, taking with me a French cousin. Madame Blanche offered us tea or port. I remember we were in the garden, in hot stippled sunlight. The respectable little dark figure of Madame Blanche, the radiant air and translucent green shade evoked summer paintings by Berthe Morisot. Blanche said that he would "like to give me" one of my portraits. Madame Blanche, amiable in her black of Renoir, my cousin elegant in the black of Lanvin, turned to share my pleasure of acceptance.

Give me? A panic of tact seized me. Was this his polite way of suggesting I should buy it? But, if he assumed me rich enough to buy it, how could I take it as a present? On the other hand, if I accepted it would I be admitting poverty, a fault particularly distasteful to the Latin in him? I was rescued from my perplexity by an accessory truth.

"*Hélas*," I said, "but I have no *walls!*"

The eyes of Madame Blanche coagulated into astonished beads: the connoisseur of human behaviour in Blanche quivered and stared behind his thick glasses.

"No *walls*, Madame?" repeated Madame Blanche.

"I mean to hang it on. I have no *home*, I move, we never know . . ." I offered her apologetically this elliptical line-drawing of my state of heart. Her reason refused it.

"Perhaps *later*," I said, with romantic yet real hope. For the bright shadows I pursued in those years often took the shape of settled, if passionate, happiness.

"Well . . . perhaps later," said Blanche; and thus politely withdrew my one chance of being recorded in, almost Edwardian, elegance. Was he surprised? Or disappointed? Looking back I think he really did mean to give me the portrait; and that my refusal was well summed up in my cousin's words as we emerged through the door-in-the-wall into the perspectives of du Maurier's Passy, "*Mais tu es folle!*"

What happened to the portraits? Blanche, factual and economical, almost certainly used the canvases again. Possibly for one of his last "*plein-airs*," painted near his Normandy home where he was to die during the war that he'd prophesied and dreaded. Perhaps a cider orchard or a cobbled Dieppe street bridges my waist? Or a Normandy farm nestles on my bosom? Or do my swagged pearls lie, silted with time, in that buried world of the 'thirties, beneath, perhaps, the very cliffs that were to be the drop-scene for the tragic, heroic Dieppe raid?

The fact remains that, now that I "have walls," I have, alas, no romantic portrait to hang on them. No evocation of the white Russian hat, the pale gloves, the palely, luxuriously loitering young woman, gracious in chiaroscuro aspic, to be admitted, and disbelieved, by grandchildren.



Lady Long Legs panty girdle 10.95 bra 5.95. For store and free booklet write Olga Dept. V150, 7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Cal.



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International Silk Association (U. S. A.)

VOGUE

JANUARY 15, 1960

Vogue's eye view: all a question of where you sit



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

The catbird seat is the spot to aim for, and one woman's locale for same is the top of this lively little Vespa. On it she looks good—and vice versa. . . . However, we don't necessarily feel that every woman should make an effort to duplicate this look. What we do feel is this: January, statistically a month of doldrums and megrims, is, for that reason, a time for raising your sights, for searching out reviving switches on old routines—twelve to pick up your clothes-life follow here; on page 96 is a sampler of brain fuel from some new and stimulating books. (The baby car, which, incidentally, seats four people, is a Vespa 400. The "driver's" white silk surah blouse, turquoise-printed, and the turquoise silk pants, are by Diva; at Lord & Taylor.)



"If you were going to buy one new thing"

Unpredictable is the word for that special emotion which is, to one fashion brain we know, "the divine appetite for fashion." That appetite has been known to rise, shimmering and famished, even when closets are nicely stocked with the bread and butter essentials of a good clothes-life. On the other hand, sometimes it's dormant too long. Our guess is that most women are more than ready for a touch of fashion deliciousness at just this point in the year, and for those women we've suggested twelve wardrobe pick-ups here and on the next eight pages. There's no fashion reason not to have all of them; on the other hand, just one will accomplish something special and euphoric. In the case of the python print opposite—a Ford if we ever saw one—a single "new thing" can start a whole era of fashion satisfaction. . . . And in the event that nothing photographed here seems to be what you crave at this moment in time, here are some further considerations: Gabardine, now in the whirl of a spirited revival, looks marvellous in shirt-dress form. . . . If beige, in spite of its charm, is not for you, a bright wool dress has almost as many uses, looks newest if it has a full skirt, a bit of bias to the cut. . . . If there's one particular skirt in your life that means a Whole Lot, you might buy it a brilliant silk shirt; one of the best we've seen is hyacinth-coloured, worn by a girl with—naturally—hyacinth-blue eyes. . . . A vast Roman-striped scarf, fringed and generous, could accomplish big things with a timeless suit; see the cover for wearing principles in action. . . . Something new to have breakfast in. . . . For suits, a vivid beret of red jersey. . . . January, we've observed, encourages some women to coast on a favourite evening dress that's proved its worth. Cheerless is what we say to this; it might be a much more interesting stretch of the year with a new evening dress, short and probably chiffon; definitely white if white is at all your wave length. . . . For evenings at home, of which really there ought to be more, flowing culottes in crash colours have the double advantage of being vivacious and not a part of the warm-and-woolly school of at-home clothes that are so incompatible with the *chauffage central*. . . . One bright young thing we know plans to embark immediately on a project of having six strands of pearls strung individually in descending lengths so that she can wear one, four, or all six, and the clasps must be pretty but not necessarily precious. . . . A new cut-and-shape of hair; note suggestions and clue-in system, page 50. . . . Fawn-coloured gloves, we wish to remark once more, make almost everything look better. . . . If invisibles please you most, you might try a spree of buying purse-size atomizers of several perfumes to stash in all your handbags, day and evening. . . . And finally, this is no time to overlook the fresh, Frenchy charms of flowered slips and petticoats, as many as six.

...new jungle print: python

To begin right now under mink—a silk dress python-printed in a shade between coral and brick, fashion-destined for as many lives as the leopard print that began in the 'Thirties. The coat, "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mutation mink, by Revillon. Dress by Donald Brooks, in Couture silk surah. About $90 at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. New make-up destiny: tawny colours, by Dorothy Gray.

HENRY CLARKE

...a hat that's
white, felt,
indelibly new



...suit stimulant—blanched beige

Directly left, quick-energy suit of palest beige wool jersey. Blouse, lining, scarf: all red and black printed silk. By Trigère; at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Hat of blouse-printed silk: Mr. John. Shoes by De Busschère, at Belgian Shoes.

Far left, one of the freshest new ways for a winter wardrobe to get more fun out of life—a white felt hat like this, very young and bangs-worthy. The crown, high, dented, and blacked by a suèded felt cuff, a grosgrain bow. By Halston; to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

HENRY CLARKE



...from a little fur,
big fashion effects



. . . new lizard—
light, sandalous

To un-bore a tired shoe wardrobe, the shoe above: a cut version of an opera pump in black lizard and black calfskin that twist themselves together midway. Very light and glove-like to wear. By Silvia, at Fiorentina.

Short smock of burunduki, an off-the-cuff fur that's worth every one of its stripes now, over silks, wools. This, at left, with yellow wool tweed lining. By Georges Kaplan, of natural Russian burunduki. $295 plus tax. White felt hattery: Emme. Kislav gloves.

HENRY CLARKE



...white for the
back of the head
...handbag
newly pale

...a dress
that's knitted,
navy-blue
heaven

HENRY CLARKE

Refreshment, servable now: the dress, left, of knitted wool pin-striped in navy blue and white. Dress, necklace, by Nettie Rosenstein. All, at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Dotted hat by Emme. Shoes by De Busschère, at Belgian Shoes.



White felt hat, above, stove-pipey and worn where it's youngest: on the back of the head. The handbag, an alligator satchel, pale honey-coloured. Hat by Sally Victor; also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Montaldo's. Handbag: Lucille.

. . . beige plaid reviver

To enter now, stay for months—a coat-dress of beige Glen plaid worsted, leather-belted; to wear now sub-coat, later pseudo-coat. By Ben Zuckerman. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Montaldo's.



. . . white tonic to take nights

Dinner dress of white Swiss silk, above, with a new no-dozing effect now, or any month this year. The belt, beaded blue leather. By Helen Rose, at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Albert Weiss jewellery. The Louis XVI chair from Joseph Lombardo.

Evening hat idea, centre, designed to lift any spirit that wears it—an enormous white silk organdie rose, moored by a clip. By Adolfo of Emme; also at Hudson's; Vandever's.

Far right, new life for a day's end: a dress of navy-blue silk chiffon. The hat, a red silk poppy pile-up. Dress by Ben Reig, at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Hat: Emme.

HENRY CLARKE

...chiffon
adrenalin
for evening

...one white
rose
for now



1960 Italian Bias,

left. New manoeuvring for the Italian cut (original version shown below on Gina Lollobrigida) or for any of its sister short cuts: now the hair is whipped up at the crown, brioched down to frame the face, lightly frothed in bangs over the brow. Designed by the Maison Antoine Salons.

The next way to wear your hair:

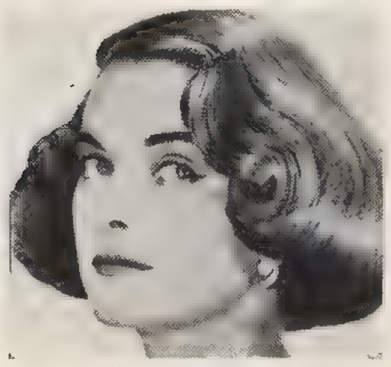
Vogue's clue-in system



Lollobrigida's Italian Cut, 1953



Cap or Cloche, early '30's



The Bouffant, 1951

The Long American Bob, mid-'30's



Documented left are four cuts-and-shapes of hair that have been nonstop successes for some time—the most recent cropped up in 1953; the earliest, way back in the stardust 'Thirties. Almost every American woman has taken to one of these looks, made it her own, and—just possibly—clung to it too long. To clue in anyone who's contemplating a change, Vogue has devised a system: four classic coiffures named and dated at left; four new coiffures based on the originals, but with a new vitality that's very '60ish, all buoyant form and line, restrained exuberance. Pick your original clue, left, the coiffure that's tried, true, and becoming; then check this year's answers above, right, or on the next two pages. Each new coiffure has some degree of the on-the-bias shaping that's in fashion now; a new weight and bulk—achieved by "blunt-cutting" and by a heightened oval effect arranged at the crown; a smooth, high-glossed patina to the hair. Starting point for all: lots of work with the hairbrush, once-a-month trimming, a beautiful-body permanent.

The 1960 Cap Coiffure. Helmeting the head opposite, a well-polished version of the cap or cloche coiffure (this page, left) that came in with Constance Bennett and other screen sirens. In these CinemaScope days, the hair is all bold bias movement: waves sleeked onto the cheekbones, and eyebrow-brushing bangs slanted from a domed crown. Also vital to the updating: a new non-skimpiness. By Kenneth of Lilly Daché.

EVELYN HOFER



1960 Bouffant—bias-blown. Cut, set, brushed on the bias—this is what makes 1960's bouffancy what it is: a glass-blown bubble with new height and roundness at the crown; a look a decade newer than the first Bouffant (see page 50). Side-swoop curl carries on the bias detail. Enzo da Perugia.



Long American Bob, 1960. This year's outgrowth of the coiffure that began with Garbo's pageboy, has been going strong ever since (Brenda Frazier, Grace Kelly, Suzy Parker...). New now: the on-the-bias brushing without a part; a look of more bounce. Coiffures Americana Salons

EVELYN HOFER



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The echoes of President Eisenhower's friendship tour.... The Cecil Beaton ravishing sets and costumes (so rich they inspired the word Beatoniks) in the new 1880 musical, *Saratoga,* which has one great burst of happiness, "Petticoat High," a combination cakewalk and cancan in a New Orleans market, by choreographer Ralph Beaumont.... The remarkably sudden recovery to radio of melodic, naturally appealing songs, rather than "hard beats" so incompetently written and sung they needed the crutch of payola.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The excitement of the beauty of the Skira book, *Greek Painting,* with its one hundred reproductions in colour, many of them from Greek vases.... *Five Finger Exercise,* the Peter Shaffer play about another bickering family: father, mother, adolescent daughter, and son at the university. This English playwright adds not only a catalytic German tutor, but fresher lines, sharp skill, and an understanding of the primary victim—the father—that Saint Sebastian, arrow-pierced, of so many plays. ... The signs on small cars: "Don't crush me—I eat insects."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Six recent books with eight chapters and a poem first published in Vogue: *The Joy of Music* by Leonard Bernstein; *the small mosaics of Mr. and Mrs. Engel* by Patricia Collinge; *The Province of the Heart* by Phyllis McGinley; *Moscow Gatecrash* by John Godley; *Christmas with Ed Sullivan;* and *Verses from 1929 On* by Ogden Nash.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Leonard Carmichael, a tall, grey-haired conversationist with so persuasive a mind that he gets Congress to give extra funds to the Smithsonian Institution, of which he is the head, for new galleries, for the fresh look he has given to a once dowdy museum.... The Princeton students who call their fifty-cents-an-hour baby-sitting service, "Tiger Tot Tenders."... *On the Beach,* a superb movie that leaves audiences with a new interest in fallout reports; among its fascinations are the scenes of San Francisco, peopleless, of lifeless Melbourne after the fallout with a banner that reads, "There is still time, Brother."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The two funny women—Phyllis Diller and Kaye Ballard—each with a personal stiletto which they use less to cut than to point with in their night-club songs.... The curious mental health therapy in the Robert Anderson play, *Silent Night, Lonely Night,* in which a lonely, garrulous man goes to bed with another man's wife, a pretty listener, thereby bringing to his own institutionalized insane wife, who knows nothing of the episode, enough mental lucidity to talk to him on the telephone.... Gloria Davy as Nedda in the Metropolitan Opera production of *Pagliacci,* singing delightfully in a rather Caribbean costume, behaving like a sun-tanned tourist.... The exoticism of American food, described thus in the classified advertisements of the London *Observer:* "RED HOT MOMMAS knew the secret of Tabasco."

"FIORELLO!": a musical comedy attractively based by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott on the life of Fiorello La Guardia, a persuasive and violent New York congressman and mayor, came to Broadway a sound asleep sleeper which none of the magazines and almost none of the newspapers were willing to do anything about. They particularly shied from the leading man, Tom Bosley, an unknown in his first Broadway part. On opening night, however, he shot into brilliance with his black Stetson hat and his superb characterization of La Guardia. The sound of applause later that night when he arrived at Sardi's, where the management showed him to a dungeon back table, brought him to tears. In the next few weeks or so the demand for him to pose with fire engines or Mrs. La Guardia, to sing for the Dutch Treaters, to be interviewed, overwhelmed Mr. Bosley with enough self-pity at his unhappy exhaustion to float the Cardiff Giant. Ignored but talented, he had spent more than ten years trying to get to Broadway, with long detours Off-Broadway, in stock companies, at fairs, on radio and television, in movies. No one asked him for anything. But the sudden ascent from past pressures has given him the bends; off-stage, he can not stand his new status. Through *Fiorello!,* the peace of Bosley has been destroyed by money, stardom, fame.



In the suit climate—new jacket readings The jackets vary, but the half-dozen suits photographed on these four pages are firm on this point: minimal tricks, maximum freshness are what a suit with a long-term claim on a woman's affections ought to be able to provide in quantity.

Above left: Suit for the woman with unshakeable convictions about jacket brevity. Thin grey wool pin stripes with a one-button stop on the waist, white Swiss cotton piqué blouse filling in for an absence of collar. By Jablow, about $190. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Handbag, by Crown. The pillbox, of rough navy-blue straw, from Emme.

Above right: Suit for the woman to whom Balenciaga speaks volumes—red tweed with a '60-degrees-longer jacket. By Seymour Fox, in Rodier wool; about $160. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop. White chiffon hat: Irene of New York.

Directly right: Suit for the woman who needs no persuading on this score: there are few things in fashion that look younger or fresher now than red-white-and-blue—when they're expertly managed. This expertise: buttonless jacket in sheer red wool crêpe, navy-blue pleats in the same fabric, rayon crêpe blouse and lining. By Maurice Rentner in Bellaine wool. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Frost Bros. David Webb jewels. Radiant Star lipstick: Antoine de Paris. Emme hat.







More jacket readings in the spring-suit climate

Directly left: Suit for the woman who prefers her checks not post-dated, but unmistakably this-moment—the sleeves are newly wide and elbow-capping, the collar takes off from the collar-line. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, in cherry-and-white, a Morell-British wool tweed; about $215. Beret designed by Halston (to order). Both, Bergdorf Goodman. Suit: Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Gucci handbag. Jewels: Van Cleef & Arpels. Cherry Jubilee lipstick: Beauty Counselors. *Above, left:* Suit for the woman who clings to the fashion greats—provided they don't cling to the past. The blousing here is on a curved hipband, and the collar keeps a 1960 distance from the neck. By Frank Gallant, in navy-blue-and-white wool tweed (Anglo fabric); about $130. Best & Co.; Bonwit Teller, Phila. Straw pillbox, by Irene of New York. *Above, right:* Suit for the woman whose suit-cares stopped at the Chanel mark. This has—apart from that lure—the news of a longer jacket, the new-again charm of grey Glen plaid. By Dan Millstein, in plaided worsted; about $90. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's. Handbag, by Crown, in butterscotch-coloured alligator. The hat, by Irene of New York.



Fashion naturals, U.S.A.—

silky knitted looks

One of the wonderful easy-does-its that characterize the American outlook on clothes: the silky knitted look that's arrestingly simple, livable, knock-out. Six examples start here; some made of silk, some of test-tube fibres—all, with the same dull finish, casual cling. Each look can be staged and restaged—with a passing parade of accessories—for almost any season, hour, audience. Requirements: a lean, naturally elegant figure; underpinnings that uphold the idea of slimness, softness. All photographs, these six pages, taken at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, in New York. *Opposite:* Pink slink—a dress that follows a conformist policy on a good figure; the top wrapped and tied. This, to wear under furs now for dinner; to pack (untroubledly) south. By Gernreich-Bass, of Avisco rayon matte jersey; about $50. Necklaces in unexpected colours: Brania. Both at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Lipstick that completes the shimmer-picture: Orchid Pearl, by Max Factor. *Right:* A tireless tube of black for evenings now, days later; here with a heaping measure of beads, an interesting belt idea: two soft suède sashes, a black, a beige, casually tied as one (more of these belts, next pages). Dress by Kimberly, knitted of textured Orlon Cantrece; about $40. Richelieu pearl beads. Calderon belts. All at Altman's. Dress: Burdine's; Himelhoch's.

NORMAN PARKINSON



Fashion Naturals U.S.A.

continued

Knitted silk, wonderfully offhand cowled terra-cotta sweater, beige pleated skirt (the suède belt: our idea). Both Italian; by Avagolf. Sweater, about $55; skirt, about $60. At Lord & Taylor: Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Hair brushed with bias bangs by Coiffures Americana.

Little-nothing dress that manages to be everything—or almost. A sheath in this-year-beige, knitted of Orlon Cantrece, with all the belt and jewel aptitude in the world. By Goldworm; about $55. Hattie Carnegie gilt jewellery. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus.

NORMAN PARKINSON

Fashion Naturals U.S.A.

continued

Fashion natural for suits, skirts, pants—a red sweater knitted of Orlon Cantrece, with a rollaway collar. At home, here, worn over grainy-silk culottes printed, with wild abandon, in red tulips. Sweater by Weber; about $14. Culottes by Townley, of Staron fabric. Both: Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.



Knitted silk at its purest—a putty-coloured sweater. This, to be a lifelong inmate of suits, or to go with leopard-printed silk surah pants, as here. Sweater by Dalton; about $20. Pants by Suburbia; about $25. Both at Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Frost Bros. The shoes by Pappagallo.

NORMAN PARKINSON



Nancy, Lady Astor, ***sketched by René Bouché***

Nancy, Lady Astor

Seen through the eyes of her son, Michael Astor, in his work, "Childhood at Cliveden", a memoir of the 'Twenties

When I think of Cliveden, and try to recapture the atmosphere of the house, and a sense of the orderliness of the life which gave it its rhythm and which provided the setting for the exciting and glamourous life which my mother led there, I often think of it in terms of a series of sounds. The background music varied with the seasons. In summer it would be the motor mowers on the lawn below the terrace, and the swifts whistling through the air and fluttering into the eaves above the nursery windows. In winter it was the crackle of the log fire in the hall which burnt day and night, and the sound of the cowlings on the roof which revolved and clanked in the wind. On a still day the chime of the clock tower could be heard far away in the woods or from the other side of the river. At night the chime was turned off and was only turned on again at eight in the morning. But each department of the place had its own particular sounds. There was Mr. Harrison, the night watchman, going on his rounds from the cellars to the top landings, lighting his way with a torch. He walked with a slow and measured tread which made the floor boards creak. At certain points he would stop to register his progress on a series of time clocks. This made a loud click, and punctuated the sound of his steps. At five o'clock the housemaids started their day—cleaning, scrubbing, dusting, and tidying, in the hall, the drawing rooms, and passages; hurrying so as to become invisible before the first guests came down to breakfast. On the landings they moved with light nimble footsteps, like mice scuttling from one corner to another. At five-thirty in the summer, and a little later in the winter, the sounds came from the stables; the clanking of pails, water running into buckets, and the firm, quick steps of Mr. Brooks and the grooms. At six o'clock in the summer, and while it was still dark in the winter, the horses, wearing their blankets, moved off in pairs. The start of early morning exercise made a particular echo. At first it was the metallic sound of hoofs on cobbled paving, which was then picked up by the wings of the house, this time with a softer note as the hoofs touched the gravel of the drive.

At seven o'clock Nannie would have her early morning cup of tea brought to her in bed by the nursery maid. She slept in the night nursery in a four-poster brass bed between Jakie and me. She had once had a cold and thought at the time that she might give it to us, and ever since then she had slept with her head away from ours and her toes opposite our pillows. By the time her tea arrived Jakie and I would already have been carrying on a muted conversation; the arrival of the tea merely signalled the official opening of our day. Like all children we started the day with great gusto; with talk, laughter, banging of doors, and running up and down the passages. By now the house was fully awake except for the guests who would not be called till eight or half-past.

At eight o'clock there was breakfast in the servants' hall in the basement, and in the steward's room on the ground floor where Lee, Mrs. Addison, the housekeeper, Arthur, my father's valet, my mother's personal maid, and one or two visiting servants had their meals. At nine o'clock Lee went up to the first floor and performed his ritual of the day. With a flourish he would pick up a large drumstick and, slowly at first, but working up to a fine crescendo of noise, he sounded the gong for dining-room breakfast. The opening bars of this were like thunder rumbling in the distance, then the crash of the storm and, to give it a note of artistry, the sound would be made to roll and fade out slowly. Lee performed this function, as he did everything else, immaculately and with a style of his own. After this everyone, at least officially, was awake and the day had started in earnest. *(Continued on page 70)*

Famous since her girlhood for a quartet of qualities, great beauty, gaiety, wit and political flair, Nancy, Viscountess Astor, was the first woman elected to Britain's House of Commons where she remained from 1919 until 1945, a rod around whom political lightning streaked. An American, born in Virginia in the 1880's to the Chiswell Dabney Langhornes, she married Waldorf Astor, the second Viscount, in 1906. (Three of her four Astor sons are shown on the next two pages.) To the Astor country house, Cliveden, she has always drawn "the most amusing people of the fashionable world," the political men of power, writers, generals, and admirals—and pretty women.



THE HON. MICHAEL ASTOR WITH HIS WIFE, AND DAUGHTER KATHLEEN

THREE OF THE SONS OF NANCY, LADY ASTOR, WITH THEIR FAMILIES

THE HON. DAVID ASTOR WITH HIS WIFE



Forty-three-year-old Michael Astor who farms a thousand acres in Oxfordshire, where he lives with his wife and four children at Bruern Abbey, has written in his memoir of life at Cliveden in the 'Twenties much about his three brothers, including the eldest, William, who is Viscount Astor. The second brother, David, has been, ever since 1948, the powerful editor of the *Observer*, the London Sunday newspaper that is an intellectual citadel of the arts. Of the four brothers, the youngest, John Jacob Astor, known internationally and in the memoir as Jakie, was a Conservative Member of Parliament from 1951 to 1959 for the Sutton Division of Plymouth, the seat his mother held for so many years with such courageous wit.

Opposite: MAJOR, THE HON. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, M.B.E., WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN, MICHAEL AND STELLA.

CECIL BEATON





Cliveden

Nancy, Lady Astor; *continued*

If in the departments of the house to which I have referred I include the family, then at this stage we need not venture as far afield as the saw bench or the carpenter's shop to find a regular cacophony of sound, most of it coming from the children's landing. But from the floor below the chief soloist has already started a rehearsal for the intricate part she plays, using several instruments at the same time. My mother was called at eight o'clock with a tray of coffee and fruit. She then spent half an hour reading the Bible and *Science and Health*. This was called "doing the lesson," and the lesson was invariably done, every morning and usually twice a day. This was part of the business of "getting one's thinking right for the day." Now if at this stage the reader imagines that he can detect in this process something parallel, though perhaps not similar, to the meditation and communion which signals the start of the day in monastic houses of ecclesiastical teaching, he will be sadly mistaken. The "lesson" was more an effort of concentration and will than anything else. In the first place it had to be because the telephone kept ringing. If that was cut off the interruption would be from one of the children, or a nephew or niece, looking in to say good-morning. This visit might result in laughter, argument, vituperation—or another telephone call. In any case it always meant that certain passages of the lesson were read again, this time out loud and with a prefix: "Now keep still and listen to this, it will really help you. There's *nothing* like the life of St. Paul. Michael, you must study it." This was spoken in a gentle voice as my mother turned the pages of the Bible and concentrated on the words of the text. But quickly the tone of her voice would vary; a note of humour would come into it and, either to catch the interest of the child, or because what she was about to read out was such a mouthful that she could not properly digest it herself, she would look up and say in the purest imitation of a Southern Negro woman, "Yassir, I'se gonna help yew. Me and Mistah Jesus is gonna help yew. . . ."

After Mrs. Eddy came the cold bath and physical exercises, my mother, still in her bath cap and with grease on her face, touching her toes or standing on her head. This was interspersed with calling for Rose Harrison, telling her that she had put out the wrong dress, and telling her not to talk so much. One of the points about Rose was that she talked nearly as much as my mother and, in her broad Yorkshire accent, she always answered back. "It's no good you going on like that, M'Lady. You told me last night to give you the yellow print and now that you've got it you're not *satisfied*." Rose always emphasized the last word in her sentences. But Rose's words would probably be lost to my mother, who by this time would be telling her to do something quite different, or calling upstairs to a child—or else the telephone would be ringing again. My father, who woke early, used to take the dogs for a walk and join the rest of the family for breakfast at nine o'clock in the dining room.

Breakfast would hardly be finished before my mother would be downstairs and dealing with the housekeeping arrangements for the day. Monsieur Gilbert, the chef, in his white jacket and carrying his menu book, would come into her boudoir to discuss the meals. After this it would be Lee, or the housekeeper, or the gardener who had come in to arrange the flowers. My mother was herself an expert and meticulous housekeeper and nothing escaped her notice. Her main work in the morning was with her secretary—answering letters, issuing invitations, or writing out notes for a speech—but before this the children had to be given their "lesson." From an early age it was impressed on us that in some respects we would be lucky if we survived the rest of the day without disaster if we neglected this part of our duties. Although I can not pretend that we regarded this period as anything more than a routine duty which had to be performed, we usually preferred the lesson to be given by our mother rather than our father. It offered us more chances to digress from the subject in hand. My father's method of giving us the lesson, although it followed the pattern of reading extracts from the Bible and *Science and Health*, contained a quiet logic of his own. The whole episode became more portentous; and when it was finished we would leave his room wondering if we would ever be able to live up to the expectations of this good man who, at times, took such a stern and uncompromising view of life.

The life of the children in the house ran to certain prescribed rules. We had a routine, and this was fortunate as it provided us with a regularity which was in contrast to much else that was irregular and surprising. After breakfast and "the lesson" we went out riding with Brookie; every day except Sundays. Like all grooms and people professionally associated with horses, his clothes were dapper and his manner brisk. For riding with the young gentlemen he wore breeches, gaiters, and a bowler; for driving them in the tub-cart a dark brown suit and a bowler; and for taking them out hunting, top boots and a short felt top hat. Riding was a serious form of pleasure; it was fun but it was not frivolous. I remember one day walking over to the stables carrying a cardboard shield with a large red cross painted on it (no doubt an influence from the Crusades) and a wooden dagger tucked into my stocking beneath my breeches. A young Don Quixote, perhaps? The knight errant idea appealed to me at the time. Brookie, however, was no Sancho Panza. He confiscated the shield and the dagger until the ride was over. There were limits to what his young gentlemen could wear out riding.

Brookie, like most people on the place, took a pride in his work, in his horses and, I think, in us. His job was simply to take us riding and he made it as interesting as he could. He varied his rides with clockwork regularity; up the road to the paddocks at Hedsor, through the woods to Taplow Court, or a game of hide-and-seek in the Pheasantry, with my brother and me riding flat out, in and out of the trees, trying to catch up with him. The culmination of this came in the winter when

hunting started. There were certain members of the Garth Hunt whom Brookie treated reverentially; his reverence was based on their reputation in the hunting field. A word of approval from Colonel Barker, the Master, on the turn-out of the Cliveden stables, and Brookie's day was made. The Garth hounds ostensibly hunted foxes, but even in those days the suburbs and allotments of Maidenhead, Bracknell, and other neighbouring towns were encroaching on the Garth country. For every fox there were a dozen cats, and my thoughts on the subject became almost as confused as those of the hounds. Were we hunting cats or was it foxes? Brookie at any rate, with two small children on leading reins, usually hunted Colonel Barker from a discreet distance. "Barker by name and Barker by nature," was what they called him, those members of the field who had experienced the rough side of his tongue. Bark he might, but his jumping days were over, and he knew all the roads and gates in his country. He seldom broke out of a fast trot, and when he did venture over an obstacle it was usually one which our ponies could manoeuvre.

In some ways the thing that impressed me most about Brookie was the way he conducted his home life; it appeared in every respect to be so totally different from our own. Mrs. Brooks was a large, good-natured woman, and she and Brooks had met, many years ago, when she was working in a laundry delivering the washing. Whether he established his supremacy in those early courting days, or whether that came later, I do not know, but ever since I knew her Mrs. Brooks did exactly what Mr. Brooks told her. When we came back into the stable-yard after riding we would go to say good-morning to Mrs. Brooks and to collect the dogs' dinners. Brookie would open the door and shout upstairs: "Mother, come down here!" A sound of scuffling and Mrs. Brooks came clattering down the stairs. "Oh, Mr. Michael, you *do* look well!" she would beam, "*Oh*, you do look well! *Doesn't* he look well? Oh, I say, you *do* look well!" At this point Brookie would interject, "Now shut up, Mother, let's have those dinners—quick, and hurry up about it!" Clatter of feet going upstairs, a quick turn-round, and Mrs. Brooks would appear with three plates of dog's food. "Oh, Snuff, he is a *nice* dog! Oh, he's *such* a nice dog. Oh, *isn't* he a nice dog?" and once more Brookie would bring the conversation to a close: "That's enough of that, Mother. Upstairs!" And Mrs. Brooks would clatter up the stairs again to prepare the lunch and attend to those domestic details which, no doubt, made this side of Brookie's life a marital bliss.

At half-past-two every day Mrs. Gibbons (Nannie was accorded the honorary title of *Mrs.* in deference to her age and her position in the house), Mr. Brooks, and my younger brother and I, wrapped up against the elements, went for a drive in the tub-cart. We were given no option about these drives, although we often rebelled against their monotony. Several hours of every week we drove round Hedsor or Burnham Beeches; two small boys peering over the edge of the cart, staring disconsolately at Wagtail's hindquarters. When we came in there was tea in the nursery, with a fat, kindly old mademoiselle whose name I can not remember. Our French, such as it was, was colloquial from an early age. At five o'clock, clean and spruce, we were sent downstairs. The grownups would be having their tea in the hall, and there we entered a different world; the exciting world of my mother and her friends.

My mother's gaiety acted like magic with small children, her own or anyone else's. It was thrilling and contagious. She enjoyed the whole game of turning everything into a farce, of making fun of the awe-inspiring things of life which was what every child prayed for. And it was not just fun, it was a riot. With children she was in her element. From her they met with something quite different from the usual set of instructions passed on to them by parents and nannies. The average grownup, when faced with a child—his own or someone else's—will, in self-defence, remember the cardinal rule which is: "Don't get it over-excited." My mother's approach was a more positive one. Her idea was to make it laugh. She scored success after success. Children in slums, children in prams, children with weeks of grime all over their faces, and cosseted little Lord Fauntleroys of children all provided enthusiastic audiences for the very personal performance which she gave entirely for their benefit. This was her age group: the very young and wholly un-selfconscious. With anything in between the age of innocence and the fully-matured creature her performance often misfired.

These sessions in the evening, when all was laughter and high spirits, could not always be sustained. At times my mother's mood was admonitory rather than encouraging: "do's" and "don'ts" were flung around the room, sometimes for good measure, at other times more pointedly in one particular direction. If a child were unlucky enough to be singled out for preferential treatment of this kind he could be made to feel small, wicked, and foolish, and childish laughter could be turned into childish tears of indignation in no time at all. It was part of our training to avoid this kind of situation, and especially to hide any tears; because tears meant being ordered to stop crying, an order so perplexing that it occasionally worked. The essential tactic, when a general skirmish of words looked like taking a turn for the worse, was to keep the battle fluid and confused and try to avoid being cornered. In a critical moment Jakie and I could rely on each other for support and, provided my father kept out of it, we could either of us create a fairly impressive diversion of our own. The drama was too rapid to count for much—when we were still very young.

There were, as well, quieter moods which were every bit as enjoyable and a good deal less precarious. When there were no visitors, which was not often, my father would read us an adventure story, or my mother would read us *Uncle Remus;* or else we would go into the boudoir, turn the lights out, and lie in front of the fire and listen to her "nigger" stories which she remembered *(Continued on page 112)*

Small woman with a notable fashion personality





The clothes-life of Mrs. Leonard Bernstein

Mrs. Leonard Bernstein describes herself—cheerfully—as "what the shops call a five-five-and-under." A slender ash-blonde with fascinating taupe-coloured eyes, Mrs. Bernstein is actually several notches under the five-five mark, looks as fragile as fine Limoges, and has, appearances to the contrary, the tensile strength of steel. With her famous conductor-composer-pianist-lecturer-writer-TV-celebrity husband, she lives the kind of furioso-paced life that a woman twice her size might boggle at: this past summer she accompanied Mr. Bernstein on the New York Philharmonic's sixteen-country tour abroad; and in the spring Mrs. Bernstein, who is known in the theatre as Felicia Montealegre, plans a pair of concerts of her own—as narrator for Lukas Foss's musical version of the Rilke poem, "A Parable of Death," she will perform with the Buffalo and Cincinnati symphonies. In addition, there are her young son and daughter; charitable works; and, as a matter of course, after a Thursday night concert, parties for about twenty at the Bernsteins' New York apartment, a stop-light's distance from Carnegie Hall. At these, the guests and the talk are predominantly musical; the food—subtle, spicy chicken or sea food casseroles—is, like Mrs. Bernstein herself, of

More, next page

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bernstein, backstage at Carnegie Hall, after a recent concert. Mrs. Bernstein's dress is day-length black taffeta, quite bare and full-skirted. *Left:* Country for Mrs. Bernstein—a stretch of Central Park greenery. Her coat is from Dior—beige suède, furry inside. *Facing page:* This hat, a black velvet back-of-the-head pillbox, as much hat as Mrs. Bernstein ever wears.

HENRY CLARKE



Mrs. Leonard Bernstein: her fashion personality

Chilean origin. Through this breathless sea of activity, Mrs. Bernstein sails—unbreathlessly—a charming young woman who simply hasn't the time, or the temperament, for anything less than a decisive fashion personality. When she talks about clothes, the word Mrs. Bernstein uses most often is "quiet"—quiet colours, quiet lines. Partly, she explains, this is because of her size: things that look marvellous on tall women—off-beat colour combinations, extreme silhouettes, certain French clothes, what she calls "fantasy" jewels—Mrs. Bernstein feels make her look "like little mushrooms." Partly her quiet-insistence grows from the fact that, as a woman who spends a great deal of time in the public eye, what she wears is not only noticed but, inevitably, remembered. For the Philharmonic's opening concert this season, Mrs. Bernstein wore a spectacular long dress of velvet and brocade which, she feels now, has had it—for two or three years, anyway. She took three such dresses on tour this summer; none was unpacked. Evenings, she lived—and,

HENRY CLARKE



in fact, lives—in the kind of short, bouffant, décolleté dress described a page ago; in Chanel-ish evening suits; in little-nothing black dresses. For these, Mrs. Bernstein has a catalogue of clipped, straight cardigans in various colours and fabrics. Her current favourites are a ruby velvet with black-braid frogs that she found in a Paris boutique this summer, a brilliantly pink Thai silk from a shop in Venice. Days, her clothes-life is equally unrestricting and simple: lots of turtle-neck-sweater-and-tweed-skirt activity; suits with quick, loose Chanel-y jackets; strict little dresses that have their own easy jackets (and if they don't Mrs. Bernstein will happily provide one). Speaking of colours, she said recently, "I loathe blue and green," and added genially, "but I seem to have quite a bit of both—in small doses I think they're fun." As it happens, one of her most ravishing long dresses is a ribbon of celadon-green silk; non-party evenings at home she likes to wear narrow silk pants with slim unsleeved put-overs—many of the put-overs are blue and/or green, and she's particularly fond of a pair of electric-blue pants. Mainly, though, she's happiest in black, red, white, beige.

With one exception, few of Mrs. Bernstein's clothes are made ("I just don't have the patience for fittings"), and most—because even a size 8 is biggish for her—require elaborate nippings-in and takings-up. The exception: her supply of put-overs. At present there are twelve, made in identical shapes—collarless, sleeveless, barely fitted—and rotated constantly with suits and at-home pants. On the whole, Mrs. Bernstein hasn't found her size a great drawback, though she does regret fashion ruled out on the grounds that anything too-terrific is too-overwhelming for her: a few seasons ago, when she narrated the Honegger "Jeanne d'Arc au Bucher" with the Philharmonic (Mr. Bernstein conducted; an arrangement, incidentally, that his wife adored), Valentina designed her costume—a magnificent earth-coloured silk with flowing flame-lined sleeves and a long flame-coloured cape. Even though Valentina insisted that she wear small stilts with it, Mrs. Bernstein has seldom enjoyed a dress more. Months afterward, she mulled the idea of wearing it to the opera, a plan blasted by her young daughter, Jamie, who said with some awe: "Mother, you look exactly like Superman."

Facing page: A less-than-mannequin-tall beauty, Mrs. Bernstein has, nevertheless, a mannequin-proportioned figure, and wears clothes beautifully. Her at-home costume here is a pale-gold tea-coat. Her jewels are her jewel-uniform: four strands of pearls, pearl earrings.
Left: The colour varies, or the fabric, or the time, but, essentially, this is Mrs. Bernstein's look—Chanel-inspired (like many women, she considers Chanel American fashion territory). This is black velvet, worn over white satin.
Below: Mrs. Bernstein's favourite day-plan revolves around sweaters, skirts, lunch with friends at a restaurant with a hundred omelettes up its inexhaustible French sleeve.



Sea-deep in beauty

As of 1/15/60, there's a new kind of sun-beauty in circulation. It's visible on each of the following twelve pages and it's the look, we predict, that will charm the sands off Northern beaches this summer. It looks: young, rather bare, leggy, and—a word that may have slipped out of cosmetic-talk recently—natural. Now we're perfectly willing to concede that not every woman measures up on every count. But we'd add this: whether you decide to Bikini or not, a figure that's bent in a Bikini-direction is one up on the figure whose owner has an unshakeable dressmaker-complex. Ideally, we feel, a woman ought to be able to take a Bikini or leave it, and here's how she might arrive at that happy plateau. First: If you've been jollying yourself along on the theory that *all* that matters is a riveting set of curves, you've missed the point. A spare taut figure counts, certainly, and any reader who's been with us this far ought to be well launched on a proper routine of exercise—active or passive, as well as a sound diet. What we're concerned with here, though, is the *complexion* of the Bikini figure. About which, this news: The back that's up to the dress at right might have been training with a series of décolleté-facials. Which are? Precisely what they seem to be: Facial benefits that cover non-facial territory—back, shoulders, chest—and include an eagle-eye search for things that go bump, quick banishment of same; thorough cleansing, creaming, steaming, smoothing, toning and tightening of pores with a masque; sloshings of tingly skin freshener. Décolleté-facials are to be had at many of the places that give facial-facials—at Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein, and, in New York, at Georgette Klinger as well. . . . Still another method of nudging a figure's complexion up to Bikini-par has its roots in the sea itself—an area the beauty brains are just beginning to probe. At the Lilly Daché salon, a woman might have, as part of a full-course body-massage, a sea-salt pack. This consists of a near-head-to-toe layering with coarse salt from the sea, after which one is left to languish comfortably in a steam room, then briskly de-salted with showers. The salt, with its natural iodine-content, acts as a mild pumice, and leaves the skin looking smoother, clearer, refreshed, or—as one dedicated salt-bather put it, "as though you had just stepped out of the cleanest ocean in the world."... The idea of using sea elements themselves as beautifiers isn't completely new. In France, for instance, women have been on to the purifying benefits of sand baths for some time: Humid sand baths are taken under a four-inch layer of fine dampish sand for about ten minutes, in which time a positive battery of elements work at a pro-skin campaign. Among them: iron, iodine, brom salt, all bound together—like a delightful surprise package—with amino acids, Vitamins A and D. Warm sand baths work on the same principle, but with really warm sand, and seem to have a similarly salubrious effect. Both should be followed by a toning plunge in the sea. . . . As for the face that appears above the Bikini-ized figure: it looks—or should look—as real and unarranged as a child's. There *are* arrangements, however, and they go this way: hair smoothed back; skin deliberately gleaming (a partly therapeutic gleam, this, if your sun lotion is steeped in moisturizing ingredients). Lipstick looks newest when it's clear, bright—and blotted to just that degree of redness that children seem to arrive at naturally. Eye make-up is essentially a matter of shadow-news—silvered or golden-brown—and concentrated on the light-attracting area just under the wings of the eyebrows. The idea: a kind of Sophia Loren look to eyes—glisteny, pale, fascinating.

Facing page: The 1960 southern orientation, here—established not only by the dress itself, but by the amount of sun-tanned skin it *doesn't* conceal. (Further coverage, or un-coverage, of this subject on the next 12 pages.) Dress, backless, halter-necked; of black silk surah flowered in pale green. By Masket Bros., in Folker fabric; about $35. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. Pretty with a tan—Du Barry's Star White eye shadow and Cool Coral lipstick. Bucket chair of see-through plastic by Laverne. Location—of this and many photographs on the next 12 pages: the luxe, newly redone Colony Hotel, Palm Beach.



New tricolour: blue-green-white

Brilliant green, deep blue, and white—fresh and dazzling trio for the south now; for the northern spring, later on.
This page: Knitted wool—a recognized expert at spanning climates, seasons—in the new climate-spanning colours. Bright-green tennis-sweater top, white-banded; navy-blue skirt. Two-piece dress by Goldworm, about $40. At Bergdorf Goodman; Himelhoch's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.
Facing page: One-piece linen dress, split three ways by colour. Green bloused top with a wide band of navy blue; white skirt. By Junior Sophisticates, in Irish linen. About $40. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Newton Elkin shoes. Shown, here, happily adrift in Palm Beach's new shopping mall, the Royal Poinciana Plaza. Lipstick for both pages: Helena Rubinstein's Heart of Red.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI




Beach
LEOMBRUNO-BODI

news– a brief summary

Facing page: The bathing suit, here—two smallish quantities of a fabric that's very big, right now: checked cotton gingham. This, blue-and-white. By Lee; about $8. Best & Co.; Marshall Field. Beach version of a flowery garden-party hat: Emme. *Above:* Modified, but not much, Bikini of brown figured cotton that looks like Hawaiian tapa cloth. By Tina Leser, in Permathal Everglaze knitted cotton by Alamac; about $14. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's. *Right:* Bathing suit that seems to cover more acreage than it actually does—there's a bit of skirt, some cross-currents of drapery. Blue-and-white striped acetate woven with Lastex. By Roxanne; about $18 at Altman's; Joseph Magnin. Bright orange straw hat, yellow-and-white ribboning: Sally Victor. Plastic bucket chair by Laverne. Locale: the Colony Hotel beach.

The Sahara look

New way to look for late-day, in the south—offstage music, please: "Sheik of Araby." Composed of: deeply-tanned skin; a gleam of moisturizer; head, swathed or hooded; feet bare, or barely-sandalled; a mass of coloured beads (from the *souk?*). *This page:* The desert-sands-look here, based on a Bedouin nomad's dress—voluminous, hooded; in beige textured silk. By Vera Stewart. About $165. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Green, turquoise beads: Van S Authentics. *Facing page:* Bone-white shirt (about $16); white pleated skirt (about $20); both, in Arnel sharkskin (a Folker fabric). By Sloat. Echo scarf. Striped belt. All at Bonwit Teller. Shirt and skirt, also at L. S. Ayres; Frederick & Nelson. Scene: the Colony Hotel, Palm Beach.







One-two-three dressing plan

Southern packing made easy: three dresses that could handle a palmy two-weeks' holiday unaided, except for beach clothes. Add: minimal sandals; maximal tan. *Far left:* The agenda here seems to read lunch-party, but this dress could also appear charmingly—minus hat—for don't-dress dinner. Pale-green Belgian linen, leaf-embroidered. By Alison, of Sichel linen; about $80. Gilt shell earrings. All, Best & Co. Dress, also: I. Magnin. Pale-yellow straw hat, green scarf: Sally Victor. *Centre:* All-day proposition, simply stated in off-white. Sleeveless, waist-tied over-blouse (about $10); knife-pleated skirt striped in blue (about $15); both, in junior sizes. By Mr. Mort Sportswear, in flannel of Acrilan and rayon. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Newton Elkin shoes. *Right:* Short dinner-dress that looks appropriate—and enchanting—whether two or twenty are at table; a drift of white chiffon with pomegranate-sized red dots. By Rudolf, in Onondaga silk chiffon; about $160. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



The three-speed bathing suit

Now breaking on southern beaches (northern, later): a wave of bathing suits that operate on a new three-speed principle. It works this way: skimpy top and shorts for serious sunning, ditto swimming; an ampler top to slip over them (overdrive?). *Left (above and below):* Really four speeds, here—the over-top is reversible. Navy-blue knitted cotton shorts; camisole top, navy-blue knitted cotton side shown here; dotted cotton side, below, with brief dotted cotton top. By Catalina; $25 at Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's. "French cobweb" chair: Mayhew.





Centre (above and below): Patchwork, 1960 version—a Bikini bathing suit and sleeved top to pop over it, all in multi-coloured cotton patchwork squares. By Sportwhirl. Bathing suit, about $20; over-top, about $20. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. *Right (above and below):* Brief bathing suit that can be Bikini-ized by adjusting ties of shorts; collared shirt-top that ties over it; all, beige-and-brown printed cotton. By White Stag, in Lowenstein cotton. Bathing suit, about $13; shirt-top, about $6. Falconetto umbrella. All at Lord & Taylor. Suit and top also at Meier & Frank.





Tropical cottons–
the non-beach looks

For tropic days, non-beach: two delicious looks based on full skirts, melon colours. *Facing page:* Sleeveless top and flowing skirt in watermelon-pink, joined by a Madras sash-belt, worn with a banana-boat-load of beads; you add a crucial accessory—the tanned skin. Top, about $6; skirt, about $11; by Jantzen, in rayon, cotton, and silk. Madras sash belt by Roger Van S. All, at Altman's. Blouse and skirt, also at Dayton's. *This page:* Shirt dress, playing it slow and cool—raglan sleeves, full skirt, pale melon-gold colour. By Serbin, in Cohama fabric of Dacron-and-cotton; about $18. Sally V straw hat, dotted band. Roger Van S belt. All: Altman's. Dress, also at Burdine's; Roos-Atkins.



LEO IMBRUNO-BODI



New constitution for *pinweight clothes*



Making itself felt this spring—a new weightless quality to clothes. One way to achieve this lighter-than-air feeling in wools is to combine them with a new man-made fibre called Creslan, which imparts its damageproof properties to the fabric without altering its natural texture. Here, three day looks in which Creslan is the big factor; all are crushproof (need we say how well they travel?), sure bets for off-the-hanger life this spring and most of the year.

Left: Bright underpinning for a coat: a dress checked in red and white, bloused below the waist. By Jamison, in Creslan-worsted-silk; about $55 at Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Woodward & Lothrop; Thalhimers; Halle Bros.; Thomas Kilpatrick. White straw beehive: Mr. John.

Directly right: Givenchy-like suit with the longish, rather mildly shaped jacket that's In now. Grey with a raised white check; by Glenhunt, in Creslan-and-wool; about $110 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros. Taupe turban with deep, deep velvet crown, by Mr. John.

Far right: Colour news in the country: mustard-white-grey plaid skirt with unpressed pleats, Creslan-and-wool; about $35. Partnering it: an off-white silk shantung shirt; about $16. Both by Tudor Square at Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Woodward & Lothrop; Thalhimers; Halle Bros.; Thomas Kilpatrick. All the clothes shown here are of Ria Herlinger Creslan-blend fabrics.







Suit looks–
an edge
on colour

VOGUE PATTERN 1469



Spring tune-ups for a wardrobe now: a blazer-idea suit with a French forebear, a suit substitute with a pull-over jacket V'd like a tennis sweater. Both make a point of using a second colour as a borderline case; both can be made,easily, from Vogue Patterns. *Opposite:* Original suit design by Heim—young, narrow, jersey (three of the most popular things a suit can be). Here in clover-green jersey of Orlon-and-wool, a bluer jersey getting in edgewise. The shirt, included, in white georgette of Dacron. Vogue Pattern 1469. Jersey by Heller. The shirt, Fabrex fabric. Marvella necklaces: Bonwit Teller. *Right:* Suit of a new order, with a waist-skimming overblouse now playing for a jacket. Midnight-blue flannel, bound everywhere in red braid; the included shirt, red-and-white dotted silk surah. Vogue Pattern 9905. Flannel of wool and Du Pont nylon, by Milliken; both dotted silks (shirt here, jacket lining opposite) by Goodman & Theise. *Other views, yardages see page 116.*

VOGUE PATTERN 9905

FRANCES MC LAUGHLIN-GILL



Night talk—
in satin;
in shirt sleeves

Left: Shimmering quietly for its very first photograph, the news of nylon tricot with a flawless satin complexion, a satiny flow—but a stubbornly nylon way of keeping up appearances effortlessly.
The nightdress itself: long, sand-coloured, edged with nylon lace. By Van Raalte, in satin tricot of Du Pont nylon; about $15. At Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's.
Right: Charming piece of news for pyjamas to own—a lacy white shirt-shape of jacket, lined in nylon tricot. The pyjamas it covers for: pale blue, with a straight little camisole top. Costume, by Vanity Fair, in tricot of Du Pont nylon, and nylon Alençon lace; $30.
At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; J. W. Robinson. Delman mules.
Décor, by Joseph Lombardo.

HENRY CLARKE



"The Best of

These taut, small extracts from five new books continue a series begun in Vogue, November 1. For wit, sense, drama, or enviable charm, each has value, all have style. Here, excerpts from an analysis of American foreign policy by Hughes, a memory by Whitehead, a poem by Nash, a novel by Faulkner, and an autobiographical fragment by Lowell.

Emmet John Hughes, director of the Time *and* Life *Foreign News Service and former assistant to President Eisenhower, has in Doubleday's* America the Vincible *undressed recent American foreign policy and analysed it nude. In his jolting, eloquent critique, he has questioned "free world" illusions, looked with a sharp eye at democracy's vocabulary, and suggests, in this excerpt, "free, varied, and imaginative devices" for authentic American diplomacy.*

We need to sense and to prove, in all the conduct of our foreign affairs, our knowledge that the manner and the timing—no less than the substance—bring weight and worth to our every political act. We can not do this merely by trying to devise a diplomacy conforming to vague but attractive adjectives. A "dynamic" policy may be merely explosive. And "initiative" without direction may inspire the vagabond but not the diplomat. We need, rather, to give the rebuke of discipline to particular traits that clumsily stamp an unwanted personality upon our diplomacy—and to give a freedom of range to particular actions that can clearly stamp a policy of some purpose and precision.

We must, as we cease to speak of "the brink" of war in the military arena, have the courage to go past the brink of decision in the political arena—and into the action. There is no pace of politics that can for long be run except against risks. Precisely this fact has tended to freeze American policy in fear—the fear of the price of failure, the frown of Congress, the scowl of the nation, or the laughter of the world. The policy that dreads the chance can hardly play for victory. Since nowhere on earth does the game of politics cease because one nation abstains, there must always and everywhere be another who wins. . . .

The issue goes deeper than the specific conflicts, for the common pattern reflects an essential temper of policy. No specific choices of diplomacy can be easy or instant, but all of the serious choices of politics are difficult, and the nation that awaits their appearance in uncomplex and unperplexing guise soon finds itself reading history but never making it. The decision to acknowledge the accomplished decision brings the meagre kind of return that accrues to investment in stocks at their highest peak of value. And the nation that joins in the play of politics by such a strategy has no right to complain of cruel circumstance cheating it of honourable reward. Rather should it recall common sense as old as Sophocles: "A wise player ought to accept his throws and score them, not bewail his luck." . . .

Only by free, varied, and imaginative devices can an authentic American diplomacy begin effectively to act: the journeys not to a neighbouring nation but to a distant and unamiable land; the invitations to America not only of most certain friends but of most doubtful friends; the spontaneous decision under no compulsion of circumstance; the swift, the specific, the unexpected proposition of diplomacy. And all such acts would pay some heed to the sensible observation I have heard repeated by a distinguished American Ambassador in Europe: "We should have learned by now that it is singularly difficult to fight a duel with your shoes nailed to the floor."

Alfred North Whitehead, the great English philosopher and mathematician, wrote a series of essays between 1924 and 1937 when he was Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, a mission he began at sixty-three. Recently Harper's has published Whitehead's American Essays in Social Philosophy, *edited by A. H. Johnson, who has wisely mixed profound Whitehead and amusing Whitehead. Here, in this excerpt from the essay, "The Education of an Englishman," are his memories of his schooldays in the 1870's.*

Our school course was a curious mixture of imaginative appeal and precise, detailed knowledge. We had no interest in foreign languages. It was Latin and Greek that we had to know. They were not foreign languages; they were just Latin and Greek; nothing of importance in the way of ideas could be presented in any other way. Thus we read the New Testament in Greek. At school—except in chapel, which did not count—I never heard of anyone reading it in English. It would suggest an uncultivated religious state of mind. We were very religious, but with that moderation natural to people who take their religion in Greek.

the Best" QUICK TASTES OF THE NEW BOOKS

The difficulty as to the Old Testament was surmounted by reading the Septuagint in class on Sunday afternoons, though the lower forms had to descend to the vulgarity of the King James Bible. In this Greek presentation of religion the passion for accurate philology sometimes overcame the religious interest.

Ogden Nash, after thirty years of revising spelling to comply with his rhyming needs, of complaining about babies, canaries, cats, breakfast, and the party next door, and generally turning his own bemusement into other people's amusement, has condensed six volumes of poetic wit into one. Of these poems, one, "Hi-Ho the Ambulance-O," was first published by Vogue. Another appears below. Five hundred and forty-six others are in Verses from 1929 On, *published by Little, Brown.*

WHY THE POSTMAN HAS TO RING TWICE
OR
YELLOW ENVELOPE, WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?

Captain Ahab's desire was the White Whale.
My desire is to receive a telegram by telegraph messenger
and not by telephone or mail.
If I should be asked, What hath God wrought? by Samuel F. B.
Morse's ghost,
I should reply, He hath wrought the Telephone Company and
the United States Post,
And I am still trying to read the riddle
Of how the Telegraph Company got that cosy seat in the
middle.
Oh Company uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
In the unprogressive olden times they relied on reliable elderly
boys with bicycles and puttees,
But now a telegram seems to be something that if they can't
mail it or phone it,
They disown it.
You stand convicted of impudence and effrontry
If you wish a telegram delivered, not mailed, to a person
without a telephone in either the city or, what they never
heard of, the country.
Do not try to appease me, I am unappeasable,
For every time I send an important telegram to be personally
delivered I am inevitably notified just too late next day
that delivery was impractical and unfeasible.
Telegraph Company, you are the darling of my heart, I
adore you,
In token of which I present you with a new slogan: Don't
write, telegraph; we will mail it for you.

COPYRIGHT © 1949 BY OGDEN NASH; FIRST PUBLISHED IN "THE NEW YORKER"

William Faulkner finishes up the Snopes family in his new novel, The Mansion, *published by Random House. In this climactic third of the trilogy, which started in 1925, about those fascinating rednecks, the climbing Snopes clan, the central figures are Flem Snopes, a shrewd, despicable jumper of a man, who connives in the futile escape of his frail, weaselly cousin, Mink, from the state penitentiary. That escape leaves Mink with twenty-five more years in prison and one sustaining dream: to get out and do in Flem. In this excerpt, Mink, freed at last, is on his way, with a stopover at a gun shop, to Flem's mansion.*

"... I want to buy a pistol," he said to one of the two men blue-jowled as pirates behind the counter.

"You got a permit?" the man said.

"A permit?" he said. "I jest want to buy a pistol. They told me before you sold pistols here. I got the money."

"Who told you we sold pistols here?" the man said.

"Maybe he don't want to buy one but just reclaim one," the second man said.

"Oh," the first said. "That's different. What sort of pistol do you want to reclaim, dad?"

"What?" he said.

"How much money have you got?" the first said. He removed the wadded paper from the bib of his overalls and took out the ten-dollar bill and unfolded it.

"That all you got?"

"Let me see the pistol," he said.

"You can't buy a pistol for ten dollars, grandpaw," the first said. "Come on. Try them other pockets."

"Hold it," the second said. "Maybe he can reclaim one out of my private stock." He stooped and reached under the counter.

"That's an idea," the first said. "Out of your private stock, he wouldn't need a permit." The second man rose and laid an object on the counter. Mink looked at it quietly.

"Hit looks like a cooter," he said. It did: snub-nosed, short-barrelled, swollen of cylinder and rusted over, with its curved butt and flat reptilian hammer it did resemble the fossil relic of some small antediluvian terrapin.

"What are you talking about?" the first said. "That's a genuine bulldog detective special forty-one, the best protection a man could have. That's what you want, ain't it—protection? Because if it's more than that; if you aim to take it back to Arkansaw and start robbing and shooting folks with it, the Law ain't going to like it. They'll put you in jail for that even in Arkansaw. Even right down in Missippi you can't do that."

"That's right," Mink said. "Protection."

(Continued on page 115)



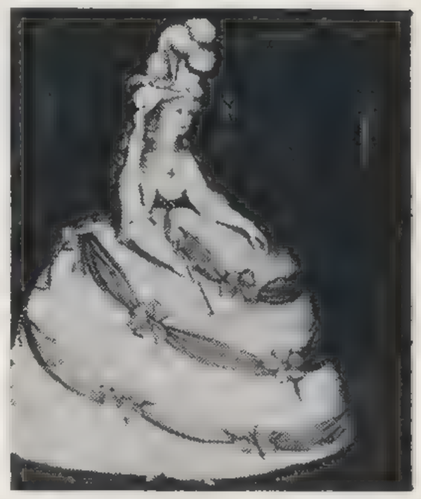




PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN IN WHITE,
BY TITIAN. DRESDEN PICTURE GALLERY

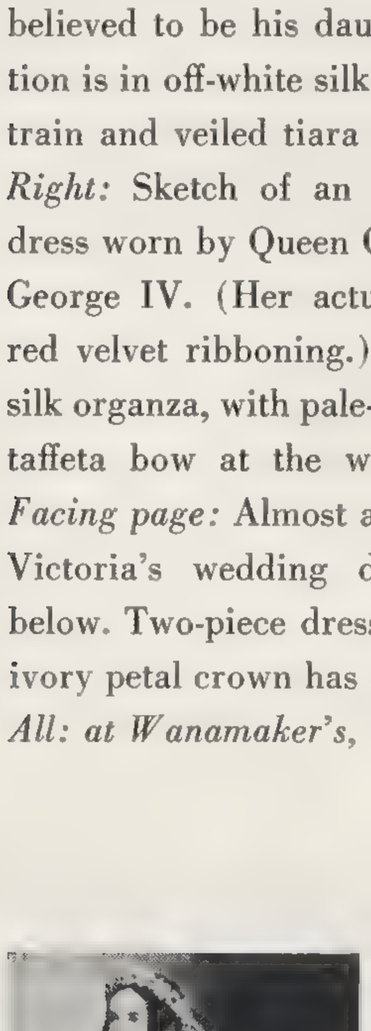
Wedding history rewritten for 1960 brides

On this page, original documents and adaptations from the bridal pageants of other centuries—wedding dresses of royal brides and famous beauties, rediscovered for young women marrying now. Behind this is Wanamaker's, who have had copies or adaptations made of nineteen historic wedding dresses. Of the nineteen chosen, one called for almost no changing (Queen Victoria's dress, photographed in a 1960 version at left); one underwent a complete colour change (Empress Marie Louise's red satin dress designed for her marriage to Napoleon).



QUEEN CAROLINE,
ARTIST UNKNOWN

Sketched above: Wedding dress adapted from the one worn by Titian's Young Woman in White, believed to be his daughter, Lavinia. The adaptation is in off-white silk taffeta, with a chapel-length train and veiled tiara headdress.
Right: Sketch of an adaptation of the wedding dress worn by Queen Caroline of England, wife of George IV. (Her actual dress had silver tassels, red velvet ribboning.) 1960's version is in white silk organza, with pale-pink appliquéd bows, a pink taffeta bow at the waist. Cap with roses.
Facing page: Almost a line-for-line copy of Queen Victoria's wedding dress—the original, shown below. Two-piece dress in ivory peau de soie. The ivory petal crown has a lace-bordered illusion veil.
All: at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia.



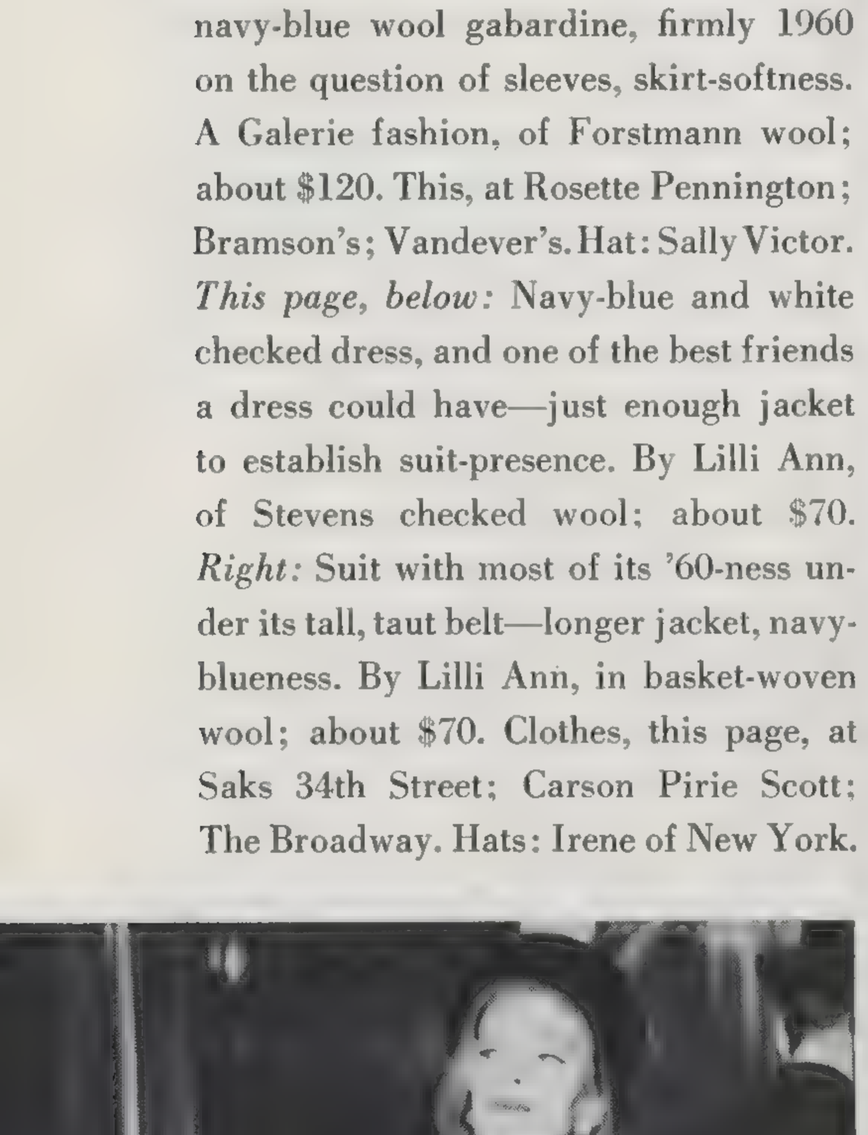
QUEEN VICTORIA,
ENGRAVING BY W. H. EGLETON
FROM A DRAWING BY W. DRUMMOND



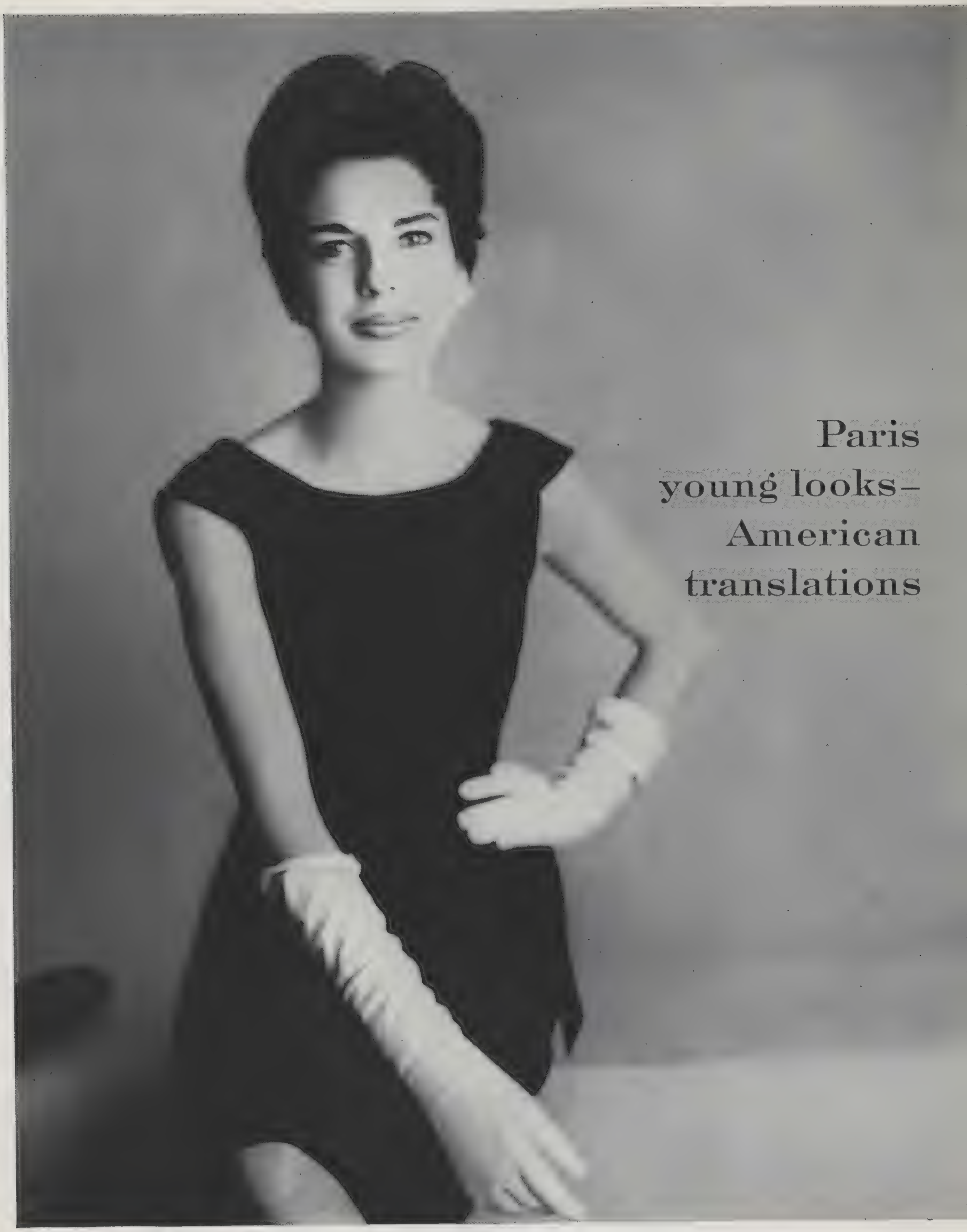


New wools
in town– for
immediate action

Wanted this minute: day wools that pick up the slack in a winter wardrobe—don't let it down at the first sign of spring. *Facing page:* Undercoat dress that doesn't fade away when the coat weather does—navy-blue wool gabardine, firmly 1960 on the question of sleeves, skirt-softness. A Galerie fashion, of Forstmann wool; about $120. This, at Rosette Pennington; Bramson's; Vandever's. Hat: Sally Victor. *This page, below:* Navy-blue and white checked dress, and one of the best friends a dress could have—just enough jacket to establish suit-presence. By Lilli Ann, of Stevens checked wool; about $70. *Right:* Suit with most of its '60-ness under its tall, taut belt—longer jacket, navy-blueness. By Lilli Ann, in basket-woven wool; about $70. Clothes, this page, at Saks 34th Street; Carson Pirie Scott; The Broadway. Hats: Irene of New York.







Paris
young looks–
American
translations





Apart from their apparent charms, the clothes on these two pages have this delightful cachet: each is copied from a Jacques Heim Jeunes Filles design; each is cut precisely for a junior-size figure; and the senior-est other figure is an unstaggering $70. Wearing the clothes, here: Miss Nicole Graham-Johnston, a charming fair-skinned young brunette, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alistair F. Graham-Johnston, of Manhasset, Long Island.

Facing page: Little-nothing crêpe dress, in a this-year alternate for black—navy blue. Added lure, unseen here: a dipped décolletage at back. Copied by Hayette, in rayon-and-acetate crêpe; about $40.

This page. Above left: Bright-blue and white wool tweed suit with a neckband collar and the un-trying amount of jacket-blousing that's becoming to young figures. Copied by P.R.L., about $55. Above right: Black suit with the classic black-suit affinity for offbeat suit-hours—cocktails, restaurant dinners. This one has, up its sleeves, a silky white rayon blouse with a shoot of French cuffs. Copied by Hayette. Suit, of wool-and-nylon; about $70. Right: Raspberry-coloured coat with its collar well away from the collar line, pockets at a new low, its shapeliness—ingeniously—up to a few front seams. Copied by P.R.L., in Hockanum wool; about $70. All: Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin. The chairs, this page: from French & Co.



GOSSIPY MEMO ON TRAVEL

In the Bahamas, out-island fishing

The real Bahamian bait these days is the superb fishing off the outer cays, particularly in the mauve-green waters around the Abaco group. Near Walker Cay, the northernmost of the Bahamas, the Gulf Stream and the North Equatorial Current meet in a wash known as Marlin Junction; the record Atlantic sailfish—123 pounds—was taken at a point five minutes trolling distance from the Walker Cay docks. The Walker Cay Club owns all ninety acres of the island, a network of silky greenery with no sand flies, no mosquitoes, no shopping, and every facility for fishing. Big-game fishermen often go out with Bookie, captain by day of the forty-foot "Hannah B," leader by night of an island calypso band. To hire a big-game boat costs $85 a day; an outboard boat, for reef-trolling and bonefishing, costs $18 a day. On top of a sixty-foot hill, an elevation considered almost mountainous in the flat Bahamas, stands the pink clubhouse where a handful of guests sleep in sixteen double rooms, dine on a covered terrace, swim in the salt-water pool. A double room: $25 a day for one person, $20 a day apiece for two, including three meals. For reservations, and they are needed, write S. Stanley Griffin, Walker Cay Club, P. O. Box 547, West Palm Beach, Florida.

In northern Michigan, ice fishing and skiing

Skiers from Michigan and Ohio often go to Boyne Mountain Lodge on Michigan's lower peninsula, that gentle wooded place where hills are known as mountains. A *gemütlich* Lodge with a new building for more guests, Boyne Mountain has an outdoor, heated swimming pool and a fleet of fifteen skiing instructors. Guests may go six miles for ice fishing on Lake Charlevoix, where the Lodge maintains ice houses; the main catch is smelt. To stay from Friday night dinner until Sunday afternoon costs about $37 a person, including meals, skiing lessons, a chair-lift ticket, and swimming. Write to Boyne Mountain Lodge, Boyne Falls, Michigan.

No tipping, free parking: New York City's new motel

Three blocks from Broadway and two from the Hudson River, New York's new five-storey motel, the Skyline Motor Inn, between 49th and 50th on Tenth Avenue, looks west over scalloped clotheslines, east to the city's postcard range of skyscrapers. Besides free parking space, the Skyline, the only motel in Manhattan, has the advantage of no tipping and no extras on the bill. Rooms, of course, have air conditioning and television: and everything looks briskly white—white marble walls in the lobby, white moiré vinyl walls in the corridors. For two people and a car, $14 to $18 a night.

Dinner in the New York country: good steaks at an old salt lick

Good places to eat in the country are, like pearls and extra men, worth collecting. One such place, about eleven miles from Poughkeepsie, is The Country Tavern in Salt Point, New York. Salt Point, incidentally, is called that because farmers once stopped their cattle there to fatten them up, with salt and water, for the market. At The Country Tavern, beef is still the point; of the seven entrées, three are steak. For two people, the bill for a superb T-bone steak, potatoes, vegetable, and salad comes to about $5. For the warm-up there is a big fireplace and delicious Irish coffee. Closed Tuesdays; reservations needed on Saturdays.

On the Mississippi: air-conditioned river boat

For those who like to be lulled by currents and green banks slipping by, the steamer Delta Queen glides along the Mississippi and its tributaries, meandering from Cincinnati to New Orleans in eight leisurely days. Quiet, air-conditioned (and heated), and reasonably comfortable, an overnight stay on the Queen is overlaid with great romance for children, who expect to meet either Mark Twain or Scarlett O'Hara on board. For any overnight trip, about $17 a person covers dinner, breakfast, a cabin with twin beds and a shower. Cruises are from February to October; the first this season, to New Orleans for Mardi Gras, begins at Cincinnati on February 20. Write for itinerary and reservations to Greene Line Steamers, Inc., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

Entrance to a three-level room: ⟶ sunshine, furs, and portable fireplace

Opposite, fur, felt, velvet, and glow announce in the entrance hall the special cachet of the new hillside studio of Anthony Hail, a San Francisco interior designer. Fur in view here: a leopard throw on an old Danish chest, a tiger skin on the concrete floor (the live fur, seated in the foreground on a felt stair cushion is Sasha, a white whippet). Velvet cushions match the faded sunlight colour of the Italian eighteenth-century arm chairs, and the paler colour of the walls, while real sunlight pours in through floor-to-ceiling arched windows that go three-quarters of the way around the studio. For further glow, brass and glass lanterns that in the 1700's lighted the entrance to a Swedish theatre, here shine down on antlers from Bavarian stags. A brass cage houses a parrot; a brass and glass Venetian vitrine holds a prized collection of seventeenth-century German chessmen. Mr. Hail's portable fireplace, a Directoire stove, moved with him from his New York apartment to his San Francisco apartment, and now to this studio. Above it hangs, for fun and for stunning reflection of distorted light, a circus mirror. For more of this studio, one room on three levels: the following pages.

ARTHUR FRISCH

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



CAR BY ROLLS ROYCE HAT BY MR. JOHN

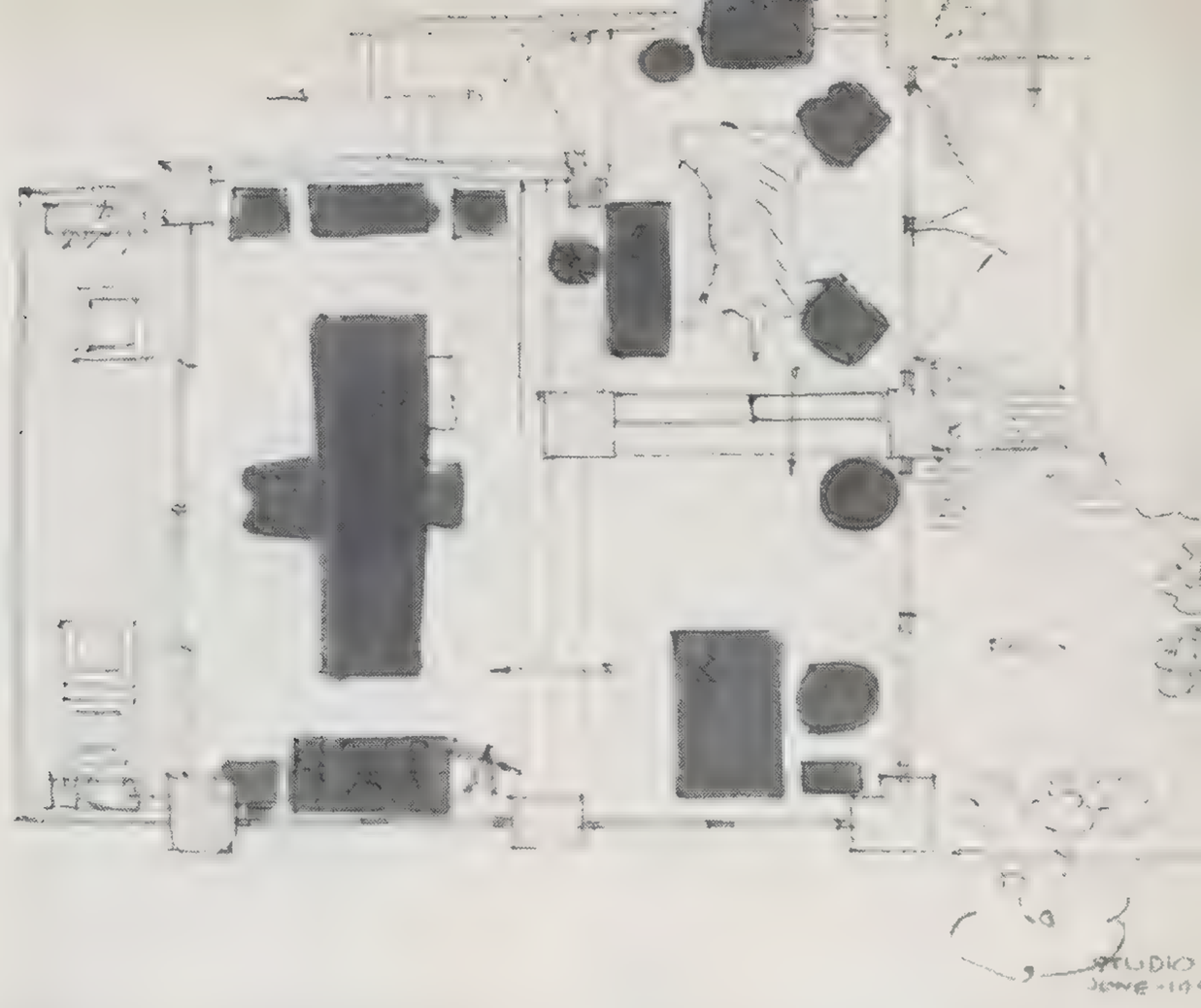
You'll wish you could wear them...

The burst of vibrant color . . . the richly ribbed texture of these famed Wamsutta "Continental" towels are as radiantly becoming to your bath as anything your favorite couturier ever devised for you. Choose from the whole exotic range of "Bali Brilliants". . . or charming pastels . . . all of them **VERY SPECIALLY PRICED FOR JANUARY.**

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One-room hillside studio plan; lowest level, the one on the left, with the 8′6″ refectory table that Mr. Hail uses for a desk; middle level, glassed-in-office-on-a-patio; top level, the entrance hall with tiger.

Studio that climbs a San Francisco hill:

one room, three levels

To satisfy his need for additional working space, Anthony Hail found a perfect situation a few steps up Telegraph Hill from his small apartment, shown in Vogue, October 1, 1958, for its pretend-space made by visual implication. Existing arches that rose from the ground to support a wing of the apartment house seemed a good starting point for the vaulted, enclosed-porch feeling the decorator wanted for his studio-office. To the arches he added glass walls and concrete floors, in three levels to climb the hill, a building chore in view of the steepness, but in view of the view, worth the trouble. Three windowed walls (parts of two of them show on page 108) take advantage of what's to be seen, looking out over the bay from Alcatraz Island to the Bay Bridge and Oakland—no other house in sight, just blue water, green greenery, distant city lights, and on the patio outside, in the spring and fall, hundreds of red geraniums.

Though Mr. Hail considered the old Spanish-Italian look of many California houses to have been overdone and overcluttered, he felt that its essence was too in tune with the climate to be discarded. His fresh attack on the look is of the just-a-few-pieces-but-make-them-count persuasion—in addition to Spanish and Italian pieces, some Danish, Swedish, and French. For chair and bench covers, he picked materials with a far-off time limit: leather, fur, rugged canvas. With easy-going upkeep and enduring polish in mind, he has avoided entirely rugs, bibelots, curtains, and undercurtains—except for unobtrusive off-white canvas draw-curtains to provide privacy at an occasional studio dinner party for which he clears his 8′6″-long desk. For palette, he leans toward the tawnies; he calls them earthy, autumnal, seaweedy. The dark colours are clean and clear, the light colours, pale, subtle, fading into the sandy-yellow plaster walls; the overall effect, a wallop. For pictures of the look, turn the page.



Office-on-a-glassed-in-porch that becomes, some evenings, a dining room.

FRED LYON



The studio's lowest level: beneath tapestry fragments on the yellow wall, Louis XIII chairs, covered in yellow hand-loomed cotton. tied on. seventeenth-century style, with ribbon.

Below: part of the 14′ x 13′ spacemaker living room in the Hail apartment down the hill from the studio. Behind the black leather chair on the right, the Directoire stove stood, angled into the corner, before it was moved into the studio entrance hall shown on page 105.

ARTHUR FRISCH



Studio that climbs a hill *continued*

Nearly nine feet of glowing oak, designed as a refectory table in seventeenth-century Italy, the desk in the Anthony Hail San Francisco studio comes from the library of Biltmore, the famous Vanderbilt house in Asheville, North Carolina. Surrounded by an 1830 telescope from Boston, a 1650 Danish hall chest, a 1783 Danish chair, slung with suède cushions, a leopard-padded contemporary Italian bench, and a spectacular view, one half of the desk is shown *far left, opposite.* The other half, *above,* stretches back to the studio's only non-glass wall. There tapestry fragments from the Hearst collection at San Simeon hang behind a curvy, gleaming eighteenth-century oak chest from a family house where Mr. Hail spent childhood summers in Denmark.

Living-room luncheons: Mrs. Tuckerman Draper's plan



KERTÈSZ

Card table with the removable round top that Mrs. Draper uses when she wants to seat six before the window.

Mrs. Tuckerman Draper lives in one of New York's new buildings, in an apartment completely contemporary except for a surprising living room that looks as if it might have come intact from an old family house. On plum-coloured walls hang family portraits, one by Gilbert Stuart, another by Sully; also in the room are busts of two of Mrs. Draper's great-grandfathers, as well as hurricane globes from the Newport house of one, Robert Bowne Minturn, who owned the famous clipper ship "Flying Cloud." (Transportation is a familiar business to Mrs. Draper, who, as Dorothy Draper, has designed interiors for the new jet Convair 880.) Six rattan-backed chairs and two settees have pads of turquoise-blue satin; four swivel chairs, designed by Mrs. Draper for flexible conversation, are covered with coral velvet. Against this colour, she has hung white silk curtains at the windows, scattered white fur rugs on dark parquet floors. Between parties, she keeps her inherited Famille Rose Lowestoft china and Austrian glassware in an eighteenth-century china cabinet. For Sunday luncheon, Mrs. Draper often asks from six to ten people. Because her living room is apt to be sunny, she seats guests at card tables in the living room, covering the tables with rose-spattered cloths and using her Lowestoft. (The same plan, with variations, works for dinner.) Before luncheon comes wheeled in on a cart, guests have drinks from a marble-topped console that does permanent bar-duty. Here, menus that Mrs. Draper likes; two for luncheon, two for dinner.

SUNDAY LUNCHEON

CLAM BOUILLON
with whipped cream
BEEF AND KIDNEY PIE
BRUSSELS SPROUTS
GLAZED CARROTS
Bordeaux Tête de Cuvée Saint-Émilion '55
PINEAPPLE SHERBET
with raspberries
COFFEE

SUNDAY LUNCHEON

SLICES OF MELON
BROILED BREASTS OF CHICKEN
with crisp bacon
BROILED TOMATOES
STRING BEANS
Chablis Premier Crû Les Forêts '56
LEMON CHIFFON PIE
with coconut crust
COFFEE



Card table set for four; to be used with its twin or with the round top.

DINNER MENU

TOMATO BISQUE
with crabmeat, croutons, sherry
SAUTÉED BREASTS OF GUINEA HEN
with crisp bacon
WHIPPED POTATOES
BUTTERED BABY LIMA BEANS
Croissants
MIXED GREEN SALAD
BRIE CHEESE
Bordeaux Tête de Cuvée Saint-Émilion '55
VANILLA ICE-CREAM RING
with black cherries in kirsch

DINNER MENU

PURÉE MONGOLE
with whipped cream
ROAST RACK OF LAMB
with mint sauce
BRAISED CELERY
CREAMED SPINACH
with croutons
Buttered Parker House Rolls
WATER-CRESS AND ENDIVE SALAD
APPLE BETTY
with hard sauce
Champagne throughout the meal



Service table for drinks; at right, *a Dutch inlaid cabinet for crystal and china.*



Over the white mantel designed by Mrs. Draper, a portrait of her great-grandmother, Mrs. Robert Bowne Minturn.

Childhood at Cliveden *(Continued from page 71)*

from her own childhood. These stories were witty and humourous, with a touch of pathos which is inevitable in any Negro story. My mother acted every part with her voice, making her characters sound lazy and confiding, boastful or frightened. We were listening to the world of the coloured people at Mirador; a world of friendly, puzzled, grown-up children, interspersed with the high-spirited behaviour of her brothers who, in turn, assumed the childish form of the Negroes when she introduced her father into the picture.

At an early age we learnt the habit of mixing with older people and total strangers. We were taught to be polite, particularly to servants and people who could not answer back. But familiarity, if it did not breed contempt, at least ensured that we became no respecters of persons. Mr. Lloyd George was distinguished in our eyes for his exceptionally long hair. Lord Balfour was tall, kindly, and detached, as a grownup should be. J. L. Garvin had an engaging but odd way of speaking, and looked as if his eyes would pop out of his head. Lionel Curtis, with his shaggy grey head, looked to us like a man who probably knew everything there was to be known, but he gave himself away by his jokes which, we could have told him, were not faintly funny. But Dr. Salter from Plymouth found us in the woods where Jakie and I made our hide-out. He came on us in our own territory when we were peacefully trying to smoke the pipes which we had spent hours making under the unobservant eye of Stainer in the carpenter's shop. He sensibly made no reference to this. Instead, we talked together about subjects that interested us; such as the behaviour of wild animals, and the chances of avoiding having to go away to school by taking to the woods, like Jack Shepherd the highwayman, and living in the caves he once lived in on the river bank. (We never tried this when the time came: it was my turn to go first and we both locked ourselves in the lavatory where we yelled like dervishes until my father was sent for and ordered us to open up.) Dr. Salter took us into his confidence and we treated him more seriously than the late Prime Minister or the Foreign Secretary. He had not quite their imposing manner; but even that to a child was reassuring.

My Uncle Bob Brand has told me that he remembers one day coming to Cliveden to help entertain members of an international delegation collected from all over the world, who had come down from London for the afternoon. These elderly and possibly distinguished visitors were assembled in the hall when he arrived and my mother was greeting them collectively and individually. (I remember an occasion like this. Some of them were Chinese; we thought they were all Chinese.) All at once he caught sight of Jakie and me. We were evidently in the middle of playing a game by ourselves and the fact that the hall had suddenly filled up with a lot of Chinese did not strike us as odd. We were simply using these visitors as vantage points, as trees in a forest behind which we could hide, as natural obstacles impeding our escape. On occasions like this we were anonymous, and we felt invisible.

When it was time to go to bed it was only reluctantly that we left the exciting arena of the grownups and went up to our bath, supper, and a story read to us by Nannie. Our prayers were of a traditional kind. It was only later, when we were old enough for a governess, that the more confusing phrases of Mrs. Eddy's text, touching on the mysteries of the metaphysical world, became part of the syllabus. Both the words and their meaning were complicated and well beyond our reach, and their implications were quickly dispelled by the long conversations Jakie and I carried on in the dark, and by the stories we told each other of the imaginary characters we invented—preposterous caricatures of the people we had met downstairs.

At the age of five, or thereabouts, we had set periods in the morning and afternoon for lessons in English and French. As the rides in the pony cart became a thing of the past this still gave us plenty of time to explore the world of Mr. Stainer in the carpenter's shop, Monsieur Gilbert in the kitchen, and Johnnie Camm, the gardener's son, and his activities in the gas-yard which he chose as his retreat. I can not remember a time at Cliveden, until I was nearly ready to leave Eton, when there was not a tutor or a French governess or the threat of a French governess. French was considered essential, and if we did not have a governess we were sent abroad for part of the holidays to stay with a family in Paris or Nice. The probability of this extra work in the holidays depended on our school reports of the previous term, but as these seldom came up to the expectations which my father set for us the governess, or much worse, the trip to France, usually materialized.

When I had reached the age of seven or eight my father engaged the services of a member of the ground staff at Lords, who came for a fortnight during the Easter holidays to teach us cricket. George Fenner was a fortunate choice of man; he was not only an expert teacher of his art but an original wit, and we always looked forward to his visits. My brother David, more under the influence of Jorrocks than W. G. Grace, owned an odd assortment of beagles which he hunted from his pony in preference, any day, to practising cricket. That was until the unhappy day when my father considered David's school reports so inadequate that the beagles were summarily banished. They were contentious animals at the best of times. They were not house-trained, but it was impossible to keep them out of the house. They gave tongue, as all good beagles should, but only when they were shut up in the kennels for the night. David was always trying to get them to use their noses. I can remember running through the woods, dragging a sack soaked in aniseed, feeling like an escaped convict from Dartmoor with a lot of bloodhounds on his track. The beagles eventually got bored with aniseed, so other more exciting smells had to be found to encourage them. My mother was always receiving presents from America: chocolates, sweets, pecan nuts, and sometimes a Virginia ham. One day the rarest and most cherished of all gifts arrived: roe herrings from the mouth of the James river, pickled and salted and as strong as anchovy to the tongue. David got wind of them the moment he came through the dining-room door at breakfast. They were clearly God's gift to beagles who had almost lost their sense of smell. The drag was a roaring success that morning; the scent was blinding, the beagles ran like dogs possessed, chasing they knew not what, but something rare and pungent, and worth going after for once. We came back for lunch flushed and elated, but poor David had a lot to account for before my mother was prepared to find it amusing.

As far as our education went my parents held diametrically opposite views. My father regarded all education as important in principle; not because it stimulated the curiosity into following new lines of thought or increased one's ability to enjoy life, but because, to his mind, it spelt the difference between being serious and being frivolous. An educated man, he would reason, was someone who was in a position to pull his weight; an uneducated man was always at a disadvantage—a precept which was not obvious to a child who had such opportunities for enjoying life provided he could divest it of its various tutors.

My mother's approach was quite different. She enjoyed intelligent people and natural talent wherever she met it, and she often enjoyed drawing out some expert on his particular form of expertise. She saw certain advantages in being educated; but her view was tempered by her contempt for earnest, intellectual people—women in particular—who became so carried away by their knowledge that they ignored what was to her the point of living. The point of life was not to stuff your head with a lot of facts and then think that you knew anything. The point of life was always to be found at the point of contact with people; not with theories, however erudite. Humour was the standard by which she judged the intelligentsia; it was the hallmark she had to recognize before she was prepared to take them seriously.

After my mother's religious conversion she transferred her patronage of preparatory schools from West Downs at Winchester to a school in Sussex which catered to the children of Christian Scientists. Its headmaster, the reverend Harold Hubert Hibert Hockey, was a Church of England parson who tolerated the unorthodox. The school itself was a bleak place to return to

after the comforts of home; but Mr. Hockey, its presiding genius, had an unusual gift with boys. He could teach them anything, except work. We learnt to be good at games, fond of animals, appreciative of music, and our moral standard was impeccable. We had outings on land and outings on water, and we acted nearly all of Gilbert and Sullivan's plays. It was, I am convinced, an excellent school except in one particular; too many of the teaching staff were nearly illiterate. We tussled with Common Entrance and scraped into Eton in bottom place.

Eton was for me a period of almost uninterrupted enjoyment. My mother's visits took the form of nerve-racking interludes which produced moments of acute embarrassment. She never understood this society of young men who were granted more independence and autonomy in their affairs than she ever regarded as being good for children. Their various degrees of manhood, the distinction which they had attained among their fellows, meant nothing to her. In her eyes all schoolboys were children, and she was ready to appropriate any one of them; to seize a boy at random and ask him if he had cleaned his teeth, said his prayers, and written to his parents. My tutor lived in terror of meeting her. Most parents were anathema to A. C. Huson, whose practical experience of life did not extend far beyond the world of young men. My last half, when I was enough of a swell to be in his confidence, he confessed that on one occasion, when he heard my mother's voice approaching down the passage, he had darted into the cupboard in his sitting room where, for the next five minutes, he crouched, being quietly asphyxiated by the fumes of his pipe.

Eton twenty-five years ago —and it may be the same today— provided a unique education for the young man going out into the world. Its society contained all the ingredients which go to make up *esprit de corps* in just the right measure. It struck a balance between educating a boy to appreciate the team spirit, while at the same time accepting personal eccentricity as something that was not to be discouraged. If Eton did not give a foretaste of what the world was like outside its own frontiers, it enabled most boys to learn to adapt themselves later to quite unexpected conditions. Contrary to popular belief, it was not a snobbish school. In relation to rival establishments it was sophisticated, even precocious, but the result was broad-minded rather than bigoted. Eton spells the end of childhood, and anything further that I write about my mother's life at home will be the judgment of a man reviewing the scene in retrospect rather than of someone trying to recapture the feeling of twenty years ago.

The English country house and estate has now nearly vanished except as a spectacle for sight-seers who today view the corpse now that the spirit has left it. It used to be a community made up of many component parts. Cottage and mansion enjoyed a corporate existence which it is difficult to recapture nowadays in the impersonal field of public enterprise.

As there was no village to Cliveden, the club and recreation rooms, which during the first World War had been part of the Canadian War Hospital, became the centre of social life. Outside the main gates, it is true, there stood the Three Feathers public house, posted as a salutary reminder of the inefficacy of anyone advocating a policy of prohibition. But the club itself was licensed with its own bar and it had the additional attraction of a billiard room, kitchen, and hall, with at one end a small stage and a piano. As well as being in every sense a club for its members, the premises was also the place for teas on Saturdays for the estate cricket and football matches.

Before the second World War. before the habit of the cinema, the sports stadium, the dog track, and the dirt track had become quite such an established part of people's lives, the village green and the village lane provided everything that old man or lover, girl or boy, looked forward to when their working week was nearing its end. For Clivedeners in the summer there was Boulter's Lock, where punts, launches, and pleasure-steamers could be stared at, envied, and made the subject of gossip by anyone who chose to stroll down to the river and stand on its banks. For the patient or the philosophical, the river provided fishing of a sort; for the home-lovers, there remained the cottage garden, to be spaded, planted, and trimmed. But for most, young or old, winter or summer, the recreation ground was the centre of attraction. Here the home team every Saturday afternoon defended its honour and reputation, at football and cricket, against its neighbours and rivals. Lee, portly and a little past his prime, used to play cricket when he could get away from his duties at the house. So did Shepherd the woodman, skinny, old, braced, belted, and cloth-capped. Brookie's son, Stanley, young and athletic, a six-or-nothing man with the bat, was immaculately accoutred in white flannels and a blazer; so was my cousin Reggie Winn, certainly the keenest cricketer ever elected to the Eton Ramblers. Hubert Smith, the agent, was distinguished by a hockey blue he had gained at Oxford; but Soper, who learned his round-arm bowling flicking stones against a tree, was accredited with equal athletic distinction in this company. Jakie and I, and sometimes David though he really disliked the game, played for the side.

The recreation room to which I referred was also the meeting place for the whole estate for the annual flower show and sports day on August Bank Holiday. The cricket ground then became the scene of every kind of race and contest, for the very young and the very old. Music was provided by the Maidenhead Brass Band, good all-weather instrumentalists who, if the weather broke, retired to the shelter of the wood and played "Colonel Bogey" muffled by the sound of rain dripping from the trees.

My father usually judged the more important events, and started the tug-of-war between Cliveden and White Place farm, the main event of the day. Holland, the cowman, an enormous, swarthy man with a dark, cheerful face, wrapped one end of the rope round his middle and dug in for White Place. Humphreys, for Cliveden, was anchored on the other end. Everyone who was not pulling joined in to shout encouragement to his own side; and for every member of the team there were at least three self-appointed coaches usually bawling quite contradictory instructions into the ears of friends on the rope. The struggle would veer backwards and forwards, first one way then the other, until one side collapsed and was dragged helplessly along the ground to shouts of advice to "dig in" and "hold 'em"; but the moment had passed for "digging in," and all was cheers and smiles and perspiration.

After tea my mother gave away the prizes, Hubert Smith calling out the names of the winners; the older men shuffling up to receive their presents, touching their forelocks, shaking hands, and receiving a word of congratulation from my parents; the younger ones shyer, more self-conscious, not quite certain what to do with their hands. My mother could let no occasion pass without making a crack of some sort. Emmet, a conscientious man, took great pride in the garden at the back of his cottage, and every year he won a prize for vegetables. "And *now* Mr. Emmet," she would say with some pretence of indignation, "now I *know* why you do no work in my garden." To make the statement patently outrageous she would probably involve my father: "His lordship has had his eye on you for some time." The effect on the audience at first was one of slight shock, and then of mirth. She would appeal to them. "Wouldn't you be suspicious? Every year he wins the vegetable prize. It's really become a scandal. Everybody's talking about it." She seldom misjudged her man on these occasions. Her mistakes were more often with strangers, men in public life who could not be broken down into quite unsophisticated terms.

The fancy-dress dance in the recreation room in the winter was for all the adult people on Cliveden and White Place. After dinner the house party, usually consisting mostly of the family and relations at Christmas time, would put in an appearance, the children being allowed to wear fancy dress. This was the one night in the year when Arthur Bushell, my father's valet, allowed himself complete dispensation from his position of under-butler. Arthur was with my father for over thirty years and treated him with reverence and affection. He was a natural mimic; he had a sense of the proprieties and also a sense of burlesque. For the

(Continued on page 114)

 (Continued from page 113)

fancy-dress dance, assisted by Rose Harrison, he usually dressed up as Nellie Wallace, wearing a preposterous hat. Lee, who appeared at the dance for a short time in his ordinary clothes, ushered the house staff into the station wagon accompanied by this parody of a woman who, only half an hour earlier, had been quietly serving dinner in the dining room. My mother and the rest of us would go down to watch the parade and judge the prizes. When Arthur came round in the parade, usually accompanied by Rose dressed as a charlady, the lorgnettes became those, not of Nellie Wallace, but of Lady Desborough, our neighbour at Taplow. For an instant the mouth, the expression, the whole posture gave the caricature. My father occasionally looked rather taken aback at seeing his friend and neighbour brilliantly mimicked by his valet, and to witness a side of Arthur's character of which he was not made aware for the other three hundred and sixty-four days in the year. This particular turn was strictly for the benefit of the family. Arthur ventured to the brink but did not go too far. This was the estate's own party, an occasion for local wits and characters to come into their own, and we did no more than see it started and then disappear.

"But you have said so little about your mother's social life" might be the comment of anyone knowing my mother's life and her reputation as a hostess. "But the whole of her life was a social life," would be my reply. Even when she was alone, and she has been quite often alone in her old age, she thought in terms of people. On the rare occasions when she read a book, usually history or biography, she thought of it in terms of people. Sometimes she kept herself alone on purpose, closeted in her room at Sandwich like a monk in his cell; but that was only in order to study her religion, and this was the only non-social function she performed—other than having a bath and going to sleep. If she played golf on her own she would talk to the caddie, ask him about his family and children, and find some way of making him look more cheerful. If she was held up in a traffic-jam she would talk to the policeman. If she was at Buckingham Palace, at a huge reception, she would enjoy herself with the most exalted and the humblest people present; it might be the Queen, but it might equally be the wife of the secretary of some embassy whose country could hardly be found on the map.

During my mother's early period at Cliveden, before politics or Christian Science or children arrived on the scene, before even the first World War altered so radically the order of English society, the guests consisted of the most amusing people that could be found in the fashionable world. There were the great families, and there was also a strong sprinkling of those great wits and talkers who gave the age its particular flavour: Maurice Baring, Hilaire Belloc, A. J. Balfour, Philip Kerr, and many others besides. After the first World War the list at weekends became even more variegated; in fact it was about as mixed as a list of house guests could reasonably be. Invitations were by merit only; and merit meant being amusing, interesting, influential, American, religious, frivolous, helpful, or in need of help. Invitations were never issued to bores, bounders, bragarts, or people of easy virtue. It was easier for a Roman Catholic priest to enter the front door at Cliveden than it was for the guilty party in a divorce case to get through its main gates—and it was never made easy for a Roman Catholic priest. My mother had a horror of the "fast set"; she found them dull and stupid, and in their company she felt uneasy. The fast set of the 1920's lived in an aura of cocktails and night clubs, racecourses, glossy newspapers, gossip, and divorce courts, and she wished no part of them or their lives. If it came to love affairs she was a more accomplished flirt than most of them, but she abhorred sex and its uses in seduction. She could manage seduction without it, and that she found more amusing and more satisfactory.

There were regular guests as well as the occasional ones. There was Bernard Shaw, who stayed for long stretches at a time, reading, writing, and always talking, eating his vegetables and going for walks. Other regular visitors were Geoffrey Dawson and Lionel Curtis, Tom Jones, Walter Elliot, Terence O'Connor, Bob Brand, and Neville Chamberlain. Perhaps they were the "Cliveden set." It could not have been Lord Ancaster, who talked about grouse and partridges, and spat large mouthfuls of food around the room and kept everyone amused. It could not have been Bobbety Cranborne or Betty Asquith or Aunt Elsie Kerry, or Litvinov or Maisky (who never stayed overnight), or Ribbentrop (who never stayed at all). It could not be most of the people I remember, who stayed because they loved staying, who discussed anything that they found amusing, and who probably felt as hopeless about the political situation as did most people at that time. The weekend parties I remember were heterogeneous in the extreme, with my mother's collection of friends, talents, fellow countrymen, and lame dogs brought together, sometimes by arrangement, at other times almost accidentally.

During the second World War generals came into their own at Cliveden, as they did on other fronts as well. English, Canadian, American generals, admirals, senators, and young airmen from overseas who had nowhere to go for the weekend were invited to stay, often on the spur of the moment. The standard of hospitality which they enjoyed was not marred by the application of teetotal principles. It was only if the family happened to be alone that certain preliminary negotiations between the boudoir and the pantry were necessary before the claret could appear on the dining-room table.

I have said nothing about the acting, the most spontaneous and the least co-ordinated acting I have ever seen. The sudden outbursts of mimicry and burlesque could happen at any time. It might be a charade, in which case everyone joined in; but as often as not it all started with my mother slipping a pair of celluloid false teeth into her mouth while in the middle of a conversation at dinner. When this happened her whole personality was transformed, another creature had simply been spirited into the room and now sat in the place that a moment ago she had occupied, a creature bearing a superficial resemblance to Lady Astor but in every other respect a total stranger. If, for instance, my mother decided to turn herself into a Tsarist Russian emigrée then we found that we were talking to a Romanoff or a Troubetskoi whose life had been a chapter of the most appalling disasters. In a quiet monotone, with a tired, detached expression of face, she would recall one episode after another, treating disaster with familiarity and contempt, and making only the trivial sound important. While the mood lasted she lived the characters that she portrayed and interpreted them with the personal vision of the artist.

These characters usually appeared on the slightest pretext in the dining room when the conversation looked like becoming monotonous and my mother wished to escape from ordinary life conversation and jump into another element. Her sense of artistry gave this imaginative element a touch of reality that more conventional conversation might have lacked. If the mood carried we would move to the long library and, with the adjustment of chairs and tables, give the performance a more theatrical setting. Then we knew we would be treated to other samples of her extensive repertoire. I can remember only a few of them. There was the little Jewish business-man, and in order to do him justice she would hurry upstairs and a few moments later appear again wearing trousers, a tail coat, and a bowler hat crammed over her ears. This character had no name or any name. He was in business, any sort of business. He was excitable, affectionate, gigglish, a family man devoted to his wife and children; he was confidential, persuasive, but really suffered from terrible anxieties which at times rendered him hysterical. Then there was the horsey English lady who hunted in Leicestershire; the false teeth were enough to do her justice. This character went hard to hounds, swore a bit, and suffered from no anxieties whatsoever. There was also the lady of infinitely good breeding and no brains, conventional and vague, who found Americans common. There was Margot Asquith, straight out of the bottle, by which I mean undiluted in essence, a true reporting from life. And there was the frightened old lady with no teeth

(Continued on page 116)

"THE BEST OF THE BEST"

(Continued from page 97)

Robert Lowell in his book, Life Studies, *sharpens his poetic knife on his family, his ancestors, and his parents, sometimes in the intense, brilliantly descriptive poems, sometimes in a surprising prose fragment of autobiography, called "91 Revere Street," from which comes this excerpt about the famous Brimmer school in Boston.*

When I entered Brimmer I was eight and a half. I was distracted in my studies, assented to whatever I was told, picked my nose whenever no one was watching, and worried our third-grade teacher by organizing creepy little gangs of boys at recess. I was girl-shy. Thick-witted, narcissistic, thuggish, I had the conventional prepuberty character of my age; whenever a girl came near me, my whole person cringed like a sponge wrung dry by a clenching fist. I was less rather than more bookish than most children, but the girl I dreamed about continually had wheel-spoke black and gold eyelashes, double-length page-boy blond hair, a little apron, a bold, blunt face, a saucy, shivery way of talking, and . . . a paper body—she was the girl in John Tenniel's illustrations to *Alice in Wonderland.* The invigorating and symmetrical aplomb of my ideal Alice was soon enriched and nullified by a second face, when my father took me to the movies on the afternoon of one of Mother's headaches. An innocuous child's movie, the bloody, all-male *Beau Geste* had been chosen, but instead my father preferred a nostalgic tour of places he had enjoyed on shore leave. We went to the Majestic Theater where he had first seen Pola Negri—where we too saw Pola Negri, sloppy-haired, slack, yawning, ravaged, unwashed . . . an Anti-Alice.

Our class belles, the Norton twins, Elie and Lindy, fell far short of the Nordic Alice and the foreign Pola. Their prettiness, rather fluffy, freckled, bashful, might have escaped notice if they had been one instead of two, and if their manners had been less good-humoured, entertaining, and reliable. What mattered more than sex, athletics, or studies to us at Brimmer was our popularity; each child had an unwritten, class-popularity poll inside his head. Everyone was ranked, and all day each of us mooned profoundly on his place, as it quivered like our blood or a compass needle with a thousand revisions. At nine character is, perhaps, too much *in ovo* for a child to be strongly disliked, but sitting next to Elie Norton, I glanced at her and gulped prestige from her popularity. We were not close at first; then nearness made us closer friends, for Elie had a gracious gift, the gift of gifts, I suppose, in a child: she forgot all about the popularity-rank of the classmate she was talking to. No moron could have seemed so uncritical as this airy, chatty, intelligent child, the belle of our grade. She noticed my habit of cocking my head on one side, shutting my eyes, and driving like a bull through opposition at soccer—wishing to amuse without wounding, she called me Buffalo Bull. At general assembly she would giggle with contented admiration at the upper-school girls in their penal black and white. "What bruisers, what beef-eaters! Dear girls," she would sigh, parroting her sophisticated mother, "we shall all become fodder for the governess classes before graduating from Brimmer." I felt that Elie Norton understood me better than anyone except my playful little Grandmother Winslow.

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CHILDHOOD AT CLIVEDEN *(Continued from page 114)*

in her head, her skin all wrinkled and her hair pulled down over her face, who looked wise and canny and who was deeply suspicious of her neighbours. In the library these characters came to life; sometimes to give a recital of their experiences but usually to carry on conversations with everyone in the room. It was more than a talented performance. My mother knew the whole range of the business instinctively. Turning her back on an audience she could indicate by a walk the lady whose feelings had been slighted but who still retained her pride; or the heroic old body who joined the women's services at the outbreak of war and whose only thoughts were blind patriotism and loyalty to the flag.

The mood was contagious and other voices would join hers once the stage was set. Reggie Winn, her nephew by marriage, while lacking quite her sense of audience reaction, was at any rate an equally wholehearted performer. Jakie, as a ventriloquist's doll or as a retired Indian army colonel, demonstrated that he was clearly a chip off the same block. The *pièce de résistance*, after my mother had retired from the centre of the stage, was my brother Bobbie's version of a parson delivering his sermon. This was, appropriately, left to the last, as being the funniest single turn of the evening and the one most guaranteed to bring down the curtain. With a shout of protest my mother would apply the censorship, but not before Bobbie's work had been done. Ever since those days sermons from the pulpit have had to be very good indeed before they can banish from my mind the picture I carry of the Very Reverend Robert Gould, his refined, drawn-out, ecclesiastical tones, his anguish, his doubts, and his expressions of faith when addressing himself to the subject of his text: "Is There an After Life on the Moon?" Joyce Grenfell, who often took part in these divertissements, had to wait until she could appear as a professional artist, in front of a public audience, before her talents were given by us at any rate the recognition that was their due.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When* Encounter, *the English magazine, published "Childhood at Cliveden" in September, 1959, Michael Astor added this footnote. "'Childhood at Cliveden' is part of a work in progress, which has as its central theme my mother and her generation of friends, and her unusual personality as seen from the different points of view of various of her friends. Some ten people have contributed different chapters. The story starts in Virginia; it moves to Leicestershire, to Cliveden, to Plymouth, and to Westminster. Different voices take up the story at different points of the journey. It has a chronology and (I trust) a coherence.*

"One of the terms of reference which I gave to each contributor was to avoid panegyric and flattery and to record observations as truthfully as possible. Some of the contributors undertook to do this only on the understanding that they would not have to account for their words to the principal subject under review. It is for this reason that the date of publication of this book must remain a matter for my discretion.

"'Childhood at Cliveden' is set in the period 1925 to 1935. It contains a reference to the 'Cliveden set,' which is dismissed perfunctorily as almost a figment of the imagination. There was, in a sense, a Cliveden set which represented a certain attitude towards Munich and Neville Chamberlain's attempts at appeasing Hitler. This I have treated with in a subsequent chapter called 'Politics and Public Life.' 'Childhood at Cliveden' is concerned only with life at home as I saw it as a child."

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 92-93)



9905 1469

Left four sketches: Overblouse suit, Vogue Pattern 9905, sizes 10 to 18. Size 14: skirt and overblouse, 1¾ yds. 60" fabric. Braid, 4½ yds. Blouse, 1¾ yds. 39" fabric. 75c. *Right three sketches:* Three-piece suit with spoon-back jacket, shirt, slim skirt. Vogue Pattern 1469, a Paris Original Model, by Jacques Heim; in sizes 12 to 40. For the suit, in size 14: 2⅞ yards of 54" fabric; for jacket trim, ½ yard of 54" fabric; jacket lining, 1½ yards 39" fabric. For the blouse, same size, 2 yards of 45" fabric. Price, $2.50.

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A shampoo made for your own individual hair condition helps bring out the natural beauty of your hair. There are Three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The Breck Shampoos are mild and gentle in action yet they cleanse the hair thoroughly. Whether at home or at your beauty shop use a Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, shining and manageable.

The Three Breck Shampoos are now marked with color to help you select the correct type.

■ *Red for dry hair* ■ *Yellow for oily hair* ■ *Blue for normal hair*

ENJOY THE BRECK SUNDAY SHOWCASE, A DRAMATIC SERIES ON THE NBC TELEVISION NETWORK.